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VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA,

&c.

VISIT

TO

ALEXANDRIA, DAMASCUS,

AND

JERUSALEM,

DURING THE SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN OF

IBRAHIM PASHA.

85071

BY EDWARD HOGG, M.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ERRATA.

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Page	11,	line	17, *for* except, *read* but with.
	17	—	2, *for* consisted, *read* consists.
	28	—	10, *dele* by.
	222	—	18, *for* erected, *read* appointed.
	229	—	15, *for* gawdy, *read* gaudy.
	251	—	13, *for* Koran, *read* Korân.
	255	—	5, *for* Amalfii, *read* Amalfi.
	306	—	7, *for* hear, *read* often hear.

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CHAPTER I.

Steep Descent to Damascus—Success of Ibrahim Pasha —Arrival at the Gate—Long March through the Town—Spanish Convent—Remote Antiquity of Damascus—Assailed by the Crusaders—Commencement of Salàh-e'deen's Military Career—Barrada the Pharpar of Scripture—Bazaars—Fountains—Baths—Narrow Streets—Magnificent Khan—Unsightly Houses—The Great Mosk—Illumination for the Victory at Homs.

We now descended the mountain by a steep rugged path,—deeply scooped in the solid rock,—diverging in angular turnings,—and so narrow as only at long intervals to permit beasts of

burden to pass each other.—Crossing, at the foot, an uncultivated plain, repeated salutes of artillery from the town gave cheering promise that the hero of Acre was still pursuing his successful career. We next skirted a wall of sun-dried mud, and quitted the plain by a narrow enclosed track, to the right, near a deserted mosk. This led to a series of intricate alleys, whose boundaries of crude brick were overtopped by luxuriant trees;—but copious streams, a few lone dwellings, with the noisy click of the corn-mill, were the only signs of our approach to "the busy hum of men."

A broad paved road, to which we at length advanced, soon brought us to a mean portal, in the possession of Egyptian troops. Our course was now stopped, our firmàn demanded, and our dragoman required to explain who we were, and whence we came. Here,—assured that the Turkish army had been defeated and dis-

persed at Homs,—the gates were thrown open; and, the decreasing width of the streets compelling us to fall into regular file, we entered the city in imposing cavalcade.

Our janissary, proud of his glittering arms, led the van. Next rode my companion—the brilliancy of his Turkish habit,—with its sabre, crimson tarboosh, and gay purple tassel,—relieved by a long white bornoose pendent in ample folds from his shoulders. I followed in a less showy costume:—servants, sumpter mules, and pedestrian attendants, brought up the rear.

This march continued for more than half an hour, nearly in a straight line through streets of shops, amidst the busy movement of a thronged population. Our European aspect excited evident attention, but the people betrayed no sign of animosity—their looks were marked only with an expression of humiliation and dismay. The embarrassments of a crowded ca-

pital sometimes retarded our progress. Horsemen, donkey riders, loaded camels, itinerant fruit and water venders, were occasionally passed with difficulty; but these impediments surmounted, we made a turn to the right, and gladly alighted at the Frank convent. (July 10th.)

Admitted by a low door, through a dismal passage, to a small court, we were told that the inmates of the house were quietly taking their "siesta." Several messages were sent to the superior, and as many discussions held with our dragoman, when our timid hosts placed three rooms at our disposal, satisfied, that—innocent of missionary merchandise, and guiltless of the wish to evade pastoral prohibitions—we had no intention to disturb, by the distribution of bibles, the contented ignorance of their flock. The chambers allotted to us—dark, dreary, and incommodiously situated— had evidently neither been opened

nor swept since they were last tenanted by long-departed guests;—but, weary and exhausted, we thankfully accepted them, our bedding and baggage soon diminishing their cheerless aspect.

Thus, all difficulties surmounted, the object of our wishes was attained, the gates of Damascus were unclosed, we were sheltered within the walls of perhaps the most ancient and celebrated city that has outlived the devouring ravages of time and warfare. We now recalled to mind its early foundation—the conspicuous figure it makes in holy writ—its Hebrew name, Dammesek, which has descended even to our days with little variation, and, corrupted to Dimesk, is still recognised by the inhabitants; although the appellation of Sham is alike applied both to district and city. We inferred that the river* of

* Many writers suppose the Barrada to be the Pharpar of Scripture, but the Abana, probably one of its branches, has not yet been satisfactorily identi-

Damascus, the Chrysorrhoas of the Greeks, must have derived its gold-flowing name rather from the fertility it produced than the assumed riches of its sands, while Barrada, from its affinity to *bard*, the Arabic for *cold*, marks a quality of high value in a torrid climate like this.

Damascus, the capital of a kingdom, and the seat of royalty from the earliest ages, was successively overcome by the Israelites, Assyrians, and other powerful nations of the East. Syria, severed at the death of the Macedonian conqueror from his vast dominions, was usurped by the

fied. The former with its various tributary streams, after issuing from a cleft in the mountain at a place which might be called the Parting of the Waters, divides into several channels. The most conspicuous intersecting the "Agro Damascenó," runs nearly in a straight line to the city; the others branching off in different directions, are either conducted to cisterns and fountains, or supply each garden with a refreshing rivulet.

"victorious" Seleucus—long possessed amidst many commotions by the Seleucidæ—and on the expulsion of that dynasty,—a century before the Christian era,—Tigranes, king of Armenia, mounted the vacant throne.

Pompey, with his resistless legions, afterwards subjugated the East, and Syria was finally annexed to the Roman empire. Valued, and long held in subjection by the great masters of the world, Damascus was eventually adorned with sumptuous memorials of their taste and munificence. The Emperor Julian eulogized this splendid city as the eye of the East, enjoying a delicious climate,—abundant streams,—unrivalled fertility,—and surpassing all others in magnificent temples, and gorgeous religious rites.

Become the seat of a Christian patriarch under the eastern empire, a stately edifice was then raised and dedicated to John the Baptist,

which still exists as a Mohammedan mosk. It was wrested from the emperor Heraclius by the fanatical followers of the prophet of Mekka when Aboo Bekker, his immediate successor, dispatched an army into Syria to spread the new faith by the power of the sword. Damascus, then invested by the impetuous Khaled, was ably defended, but compelled at the end of six months (A. D. 634) to surrender. Afterwards the seat of Moslem supremacy, for more than a century it was the residence of the Ommiade Khalifs—then passing into the hands of the Abassides, at the extinction of that race became the capital of an independent khalifate.

Frequently threatened during the crusades by the intrusive Franks, it was at length regularly besieged, in 1148, by the king of Jerusalem, with a numerous band of French and German auxiliaries. The heroic Baldwin bore into the field a relic of the true cross, but the

allied forces, were driven back, and their defeat attributed to the treachery of rival chiefs. This disastrous event was distinguished by the first appearance in arms of the stripling Salàh-e'deen, (Saladin,) whose successful valour afterwards deprived the Christians of their venerated relic, and despoiled them of their most valued Syrian possessions.

Long held, amidst destructive contentions, by the khalifs of Egypt, Damascus was ravaged in 1400 by Timoor the Tartar;—the year following was nearly destroyed by an accidental fire;—and on the death of Timoor again reverted to its former possessors. Finally subdued, with all the adjacent countries, in 1516, by the Turks, under the victorious banner of Sultan Seleem,—this city, though often torn by civil dissensions, has been constantly held in the rapacious grasp of these merciless Vandals of the East, until it recently submitted to Ibrahim Pasha.

Refreshed by a night's repose we hastened with anxious curiosity to inspect the town. Preceded by our janissary, and accompanied by our dragoman, we threaded the intricate mazes of many obscure alleys, and of several unpaved, and almost interminable bazaars. These rows of diminutive recesses, around which the articles on sale are invitingly displayed, have small platforms in front, furnished with carpets and cushions. Here sit the proprietors, with their legs crossed beneath them—neatly dressed—their wares all within reach—and often with customers beside them, in similar postures, smoking or sipping coffee,—auxiliaries in constant requisition during the negociation of all mercantile affairs. —Barbers' shops, distinguished by small looking-glasses and arabesque paintings,—coffee-houses, and repositories for eatables, were often on a larger scale. Some of the bazaars are wide,—tolerably built,—with lofty roofs;—more frequently

they are roughly constructed with timber—old—narrow—dark—shaded above with green branches, or tattered awnings, and kept agreeably cool by constant watering.

A busy assemblage of passengers, purchasers, and loiterers, always crowd the different bazaars, where the spirit of traffic seems to exist in great activity. These narrow passages are often incommoded by gaily dressed horsemen, or strings of loaded camels, but the people readily make way, and again resume their places with undisturbed composure. Ices, fruit, and a few eatables are cried in the streets. Fountains, of ordinary construction, are not uncommon. Baths with unglazed windows that allow their frequenters to be seen reposing on mattrasses, often occur, but neither in their exterior nor interior have they the slightest pretension to decorative taste.

Narrow winding streets impede the view of distant objects—hence mosks and minarets are

almost concealed, and when partially seen are found to possess no claims to architectural distinction. Most of the handicraft trades are confined to a particular bazaar;—streets of shoemakers, saddlers, or carpenters, are frequently passed; and their piles of packing-cases are really surprising. The bazaar of the goldsmiths, a large square building, is divided into aisles, as if it had once been a church. The different artificers, principally Armenians, are accommodated in separate divisions, and constantly ply their hammers with deafening din.

We entered several khans, which contain the magazines of wholesale merchants. That distinguished as the great khan is a sumptuous building. Every part, like the cathedral of Florence, is formed in alternate layers of black and white masonry. A noble gothic gateway leads to a spacious square court, with a handsome fountain in the middle of a beautiful arcade of

pointed arches. These, enriched with mouldings, terminate above in a group of small domes, constructed in a similar ornamental style. This ample area was filled with a rabble of muleteers, crouching around their disburdened beasts. On the ground-floor were entrances to chambers and magazines, and a staircase led to a gallery and apartments above. At several of the khans we were readily shown fine specimens of oriental manufactures, nor was the civility of the proprietors diminished when told that curiosity, not purchase, was the motive of our visit.

Here and there we passed the station of an Egyptian guard, but met neither officers nor soldiers strolling in the streets. The appearance of the inhabitants invariably indicated ease and opulence. They were universally well-dressed, generally good-looking, and all remarkable for the becoming variety with which their handsome

turbans were arranged. This important affair is the daily business of the barber, and those of Damascus are celebrated for taste in all the mysteries of the toilet, including the art of imparting to the beard and mustachios that dark glossy hue so anxiously and universally coveted. The different venders in the bazaars have a cheerful, pleasant manner. In selecting a few purchases, we were civilly offered cushions, and invited to ascend the platform, while dealers in showy articles often directed our attention to the most attractive as we passed.

The houses, of two stories, hideously and irregularly constructed, are mere frames of timber, filled up with sun-dried bricks. On the ground-floor they are invariably without windows to the street, except a small one now and then projecting from the upper story, so completely obscured with rudely-carved lattice as almost to exclude light. The streets, out of the ordinary

course of traffic, are dull, and little frequented. Externally they present only the backs of mean, straggling habitations, with here and there a low door, yet many are said to be spacious and handsome within, to be the dwellings of wealthy merchants, and to be furnished with all the luxuries that an oriental establishment requires.

A gateway of unusual pretension, in an elevated blank wall, like that of a fortress, was pointed out to us, in a narrow alley, as the entrance of the most distinguished mansion in the town. It is inhabited by a family which has produced several pashas,—was long celebrated for opulence and splendour, but is now impoverished and decayed.

On our way home we had a view of the principal mosk, once the church dedicated to St. John the Baptist.* It originally occupied the

* As Mr. Buckingham, more fortunate than ourselves, was able leisurely to inspect this mosk, I subjoin that gentleman's description.

"The great mosque stands on an elevated position,

centre of an open area, but is now so encumbered with buildings, that the gate can only be approached through an obscure alley of shops, filling up an arcade of ancient columns, perhaps the remains of a stately entrance. We stood a few moments at the gate, and looked into an extensive square, paved with marble,

nearly in the centre of the city On approaching its entrance we ascended a flight of steps leading up to the door, near which is a fountain that sends forth a column of water to the height of ten or fifteen feet.—The square court in front is magnificent.—The interior of the mosque, from its vast dimensions, produces a most imposing effect.—Its form is that of an oblong square, composed of three long aisles running parallel to each other, and divided by rows of fine Corinthian columns.—On the outside it is seen that these three aisles have each a separate pent roof, that the large dome rises from the middle of the central roof, and that at the end of each of these is a minaret. The outer court has on three of its sides a portico or colonnade of Syrian granite pillars, mostly of a fine grain and reddish colour; but we did not observe the co-

decorated with a fountain, and having on three sides a cloister that consisted of two tiers of pointed arches, supported by corinthian columns. The body of the building, in the shape of a cross, with a fine dome rising in the centre, is covered with sloping roofs, similar to those of our own sacred structures. The front, of imposing extent, exhibits, above, rows of Saracenic windows mixed with small pillars, while the noble cloister forms a species of portico below. Here, assured by our guide that it was unsafe to linger, we left with regret an early specimen of

lumns of verd-antique which are said to be in that front of the mosque which faces the court, though it was very possible for them to exist, and yet to have escaped our observation.

"This mosque is thought by some writers to have been built by the Emperor Heraclius, and dedicated to Zachariah; but the Turks call it the mosque of St. John the Baptist, and believe it was built by Khalif Weleed in the 86th year of the Hegira, A. D. 706."

ecclesiastical architecture, upon which we would gladly have bestowed a closer inspection.

The day after our arrival we received a visit from Monsieur Baudin, a French resident,—the only European commercial agent who has ever been permitted to establish himself in this capital. He is, however, not publicly accredited, nor allowed to enjoy protecting consular privileges, for to that office such is the antipathy of the people of Damascus, that although Mr. Farren was appointed by the British government consul-general of Syria, with permission from Constantinople to reside here, this projected innovation produced such serious disturbances that he never ventured to set his foot within the walls.

Monsieur Baudin, once attached to the establishment of Lady Hester Stanhope, has passed many years in the east. He speaks with fluency the language of the country, dresses like

a native, and is married to the daughter of one of the European consuls at Aleppo. To that place he prudently withdrew with his family last year, to avoid being involved in the impending political commotions, but the security afforded by Egyptian occupation has lately induced him to return. By his agency a commercial intercourse is maintained with France through Bairoot and Marseilles, and he has successfully executed commissions for Arab horses, which are often brought here for sale, but those of a superior race, always procured with difficulty, can only be obtained by negociation and address.

We now heard that the battle of Homs took place on the 7th of July, the day we reached Balbec, although the intelligence was only received at Damascus on the day of our arrival. The result of this engagement had been hailed with great satisfaction by those

who considered the stability of the newly organized government as the only security against the renewal of anarchy and discord. An order had been immediately issued for three nights of illumination and rejoicing; and as this was the second, we determined to witness the singular spectacle of a turbulent, fanatic population performing the severe penance of celebrating a victory, which must rivet the fetters so lately imposed.

We found the bazaars, in the evening, brilliantly illuminated, and some of them really with admirable effect. The little receptacles for goods were all thrown open.—Shawls and other showy articles formed draperies within and around them.—Many of the platforms were converted into splendid divans, with handsome carpets and cushions.—Garlands and evergreens were fancifully mingled with the draperies.—Vases of flowers were placed among wax-lights in lofty

candlesticks.—Above were suspended clusters of glass lamps, entwined with flowers and foliage. —Beneath reposed the proprietors, with their wives and children,—the latter enjoying the sight, —the former smoking their pipes in moody sullenness.

Strict domestic subjection has had little effect in suppressing female curiosity, for women of all ages mixed freely with the crowd, their faces concealed with coloured veils, and their whole persons, from head to foot, with white wrappers.

The more ordinary stalls, illuminated only with suspended lamps, were thronged with groups of men—many were singing to the sound of a lute, or a small drum; others keeping time by clapping their hands,—all occasionally joining in the chorus of the song. At some shops the concert was varied by the pantomimic movements of the oriental dance, and the won-

ders of the magic-lanthorn were in one place exhibited to a gaping crowd. Trains of youths, principally Christians and Jews, often passed along, singing, beating small drums, and seeming cordially to unite in exultingly celebrating their liberation from thraldom. Guards were only seen at the usual stations, nor did a single individual belonging to the garrison mingle with the crowd.

The revels concluded at an early hour, and by ten o'clock all was silent as the city of the dead.

CHAPTER II.

French Military Instructor—Damascus an important Pashalic—Antipathy of Inhabitants to Europeans—Revolution at Damascus—Massacre of the Pasha and his Officers—Their Heads carried through the Streets on Pikes—Advance of Ibrahim's Forces to Damascus — Submission of the Town — Battle of Homs—March to Aleppo—Splendid remains of State Apartments in the Citadel—Christian Exultation—Convent—House of Ananias—Place of the Apostle Paul's Conversion.

On the following morning a military instructor, a native of France, who had heard of our arrival, made a visit to our hosts, and requested to see us. To this wish we cheerfully acceded, with the hope of obtaining some authentic in-

formation of recent events. He informed us that, having been inconsiderately involved in the political struggles of Europe, he had subsequently entered the service of the pasha of Egypt. To give continuity to his narrative, it may be well to premise that the pashalic of Damascus, originally including nearly the whole of Syria and Palestine, constituted one of the most extensive and valuable in the gift of the sultan, for over Egypt he had long held a mere nominal sovereignty, and the revenue yielded by that country had been virtually a voluntary contribution.

The tribute exacted from the pasha of Damascus was moderate, but large presents were annually necessary to secure his re-appointment. His authority was unlimited. Invested with the title of conductor of the pilgrims, he was charged with the duty of escorting them across the desert to Mekka. To meet the expenditure

connected with this office, he was allowed to lay an impost on the land, and to levy such arbitrary contributions as discretion or avarice might prompt.

The inhabitants of Damascus, notoriously bigoted and intractable, have been enriched by the profitable commerce brought to their doors by the annual assembling of pilgrims from distant countries; for the advantages of trade are invariably united in the east with the duties of devotion. They hold their city to be sacred, and call it the gate of Mekka. Towards Europeans they have always shown an invincible antipathy, aggravated of late by the improvements adopted both in Turkey and Egypt. The sultan, towards the autumn of last year, having appointed a new pasha, and his exigencies requiring extraordinary supplies, his deputy was commanded to levy an additional contribution

on the town. This was at first resisted, afterwards acceded to, but never paid.

The steps that had been taken to make this place the residence of an English consul, with the knowledge that Mr. Farren had actually arrived at Saidee, led to the belief that further innovations were contemplated;—that the recently-established governor was the willing agent of the sultan—favourable to the Franks, and the abettor of those perverting institutions which had elsewhere been insidiously introduced. All now was tumult and confusion. Disaffection secretly fomented by the bigoted Ulemahs, and countenanced by some of the most influential citizens, spread rapidly among the people, and in the month of September burst into open revolt. The pasha shut himself up in the citadel, where he was closely besieged for several days. His little garrison fired upon the insurgents,

who, exasperated to frenzy, refused all terms of accommodation. But provisions at length failing, the besieged—compelled to capitulate,—opened the gate under a solemn promise of personal security to all within.

The reign of anarchy, however, had commenced, the compact was treacherously broken, the house in which the pasha had taken refuge was forcibly entered during the night, and himself and four of his principal officers savagely massacred before the door. These ferocious savages, with true revolutionary fury, paraded the heads of their victims, the next morning, on pikes through the town, and that of the pasha was finally brought to the gate of the convent where we reside. The trembling monks were forced from their concealment, the head, stigmatized by the mob as that of a kafer, (*infidel,*) and the friend of kafers, was insultingly thrown before them, and a threat held out, which the payment of a large fine only

averted, of having it nailed as a trophy over their door.

The Serai, in the mean time, was pillaged—the rich embellishments of the interior torn down, and an attempt made to set it on fire. The solidity of the building resisted the destructive element, but the conflagration spread to the adjoining bazaar, and from the construction of the houses, it seems wonderful that any part of the city escaped. For a short time two or three of the principal inhabitants directed this revolutionary movement, but soon losing their influence, Damascus exhibited the strange anomaly of a city, containing a hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, remaining for five or six months without any settled government. The houses of the rich became fortresses, every man carried arms, each relying upon by his own courage to protect his family and effects. But more extraordinary still, when

the first fury had subsided, no farther attempt at pillage was made, or glaring outrage committed.

Anarchy, at length become irksome, gave place to a desire for order. A negociation was opened with the Porte, the sultan's authority again recognised, and a new pasha appointed and received. He possessed, however, no real power, for although permitted to regulate some departments of the government, he was denied access to the citadel, which indeed had been rendered unfit for a state residence, but was still a place of considerable strength. Ibrahim Pasha's approach speedily followed this appointment, — an auspicious event, likely to lead to a general amelioration in the east, and thus described in the "Fourth Bulletin of the Army of Syria," published at Alexandria on the eve of our leaving that place.

"On the 8th of June the army, quitting Acre, marched towards Damascus. On the 14th it reached Kennateer, and on the following day Awadee, a village an hour and a half from Damascus, where it halted for the night. At three in the morning the enemy appeared. Eight hundred cavalry menaced the left, and a body of infantry, composed of hastily levied citizens, came forward on the right. The general-in-chief, Ibrahim Pasha, immediately advanced with his horse and a division of foot, under Achmet Bey, to attack those on the left, while the corps of cavalry, commanded by Khawagee Achmet Aga, and the mounted Bedoweens charged on the right. The enemy's cavalry, incapable of sustaining a vigorous assault, hastily quitted the field, and their example was speedily followed by the infantry, who dispersed at the first fire.

"Ali Pasha, the governor of Damascus, con-

vinced of the inutility of resistance, then quitted the town, accompanied by the mufti and principal authorities, and took the road to Salahiah, followed by about fifteen hundred horse, and five hundred foot.

"The inhabitants of Damascus, long harassed by the vexatious oppression of their rulers, then tendered their submission. Confiding in the generosity of the commander-in-chief, they implored his forbearance, and gave him possession of the city.

"On the morrow, at sunrise, the Emeer Besheer received orders to proceed to the town, with five thousand cavalry and infantry on one side, while his highness the general-in-chief advanced with the main body on the other. The principal inhabitants then came forward to give him welcome, and to promise obedience.

"Having entered the city, his highness took up a position on the plain of Goeck Medany,

where he encamped with his cavalry, together with the division commanded by the Emeer Besheer.

"Ibrahim Pasha, the general's nephew, also entered the town with his horse and artillery; and a body of infantry took possession of the citadel."

Ibrahim's stay at Damascus was short, his regulations for the security of the town judicious, and his manner to all courteous and conciliating. Our hosts, the Franciscans, did not neglect the favourable opportunity of waiting on him with congratulations. They were most graciously received, invited to take seats on his divan, and, to the astonishment and dismay of their late persecutors, were *served with coffee*, promised protection, and assured that they should no longer be subjected to vexatious exactions.

A body of Turkish troops having joined the undisciplined levies of the assembled pa-

shas, — the victor appointed a governor and council, with a sufficient force to maintain possession of Damascus, and again fearlessly pushed forward to try the fortune of the field. The hostile army had now taken up a position near Homs. It was said to consist of a numerous collection of irregular troops, brought together from various districts, and led by their respective governors, together with a reinforcement of ten thousand regulars sent by the sultan. Ibrahim, collecting detachments from the garrisons of such towns as were already occupied, for by this time he was master of every important place in Syria except Aleppo, advanced, after a short stay at Balbec, towards Homs. Here, taking a position almost within sight of the enemy's camp, he intimidated them by the excellence and order of the troops so successfully and rapidly brought forward to oppose them. An engagement en-

sued—the first advantage was gained by the Turks—but incapable of resisting the courage and discipline of the Arabs, animated by the ardour of their impetuous chief—they were thrown into disorder. Confusion spread through their ranks,—consternation paralysed their efforts; and they were driven from the field with the loss of their whole artillery and baggage. The predatory habits of the Bedoween cavalry were eminently useful in the active pursuit which then commenced. A well-stored military chest rewarded the zeal of the captors, who were further indulged with the welcome privilege of a general pillage. Thus the whole armament was disbanded and dispersed, with comparatively little sacrifice of life on the part of the victors, but with considerable slaughter, and many captives, on the part of the vanquished.

Elated with success, Ibrahim pressed forward on Aleppo; and we afterwards heard that a

courier had left his army within twelve leagues of the town, where a deputation had already met him with the keys. The same messenger reported that amicable overtures had arrived from Bagdad, — that his career of conquest would not be bounded by the desert, for even at Stambool, (Constantinople,) it was confidently believed that a powerful party, adverse to the administration of the sultan, secretly encouraged his designs. Still, the terror of his name, and the superiority of his force, alone enable him to maintain his menacing attitude, for had he been defeated at Homs, an event, however, which no one acquainted with the real state of the opposing troops could have apprehended, an extensive conspiracy was organized here, the massacre of the whole garrison decreed, and the reign of anarchy once more triumphantly anticipated.

On the following day we accompanied our new

acquaintance to the citadel, once a place of great strength, and called the Serai, as having been the residence of former pashas. The entrance is close to the principal bazaar, commodiously rebuilt since the late conflagration. To gain the interior we were led through wide and strongly-vaulted passages, guarded by military, and lined with their accoutrements and baggage. As we approached the part originally the viceregal habitation, all was dilapidated, dismantled, and in ruins. The chamber of audience had been spacious and splendid. An ornamented recess at one end, and some portions of a richly-carved ceiling, with brackets and pendants finely executed, still attested its former magnificence. Fragments of an inlaid pavement were visible, and a dismembered fountain still poured forth a limpid stream.

Other half-demolished rooms, deformed by rude partitions of mats and planks, had once

been sumptuously decorated. The hareem, although greatly defaced, and stripped of much of its ornamental carved work, exhibited some admirable specimens of oriental taste. Ceilings and doors were all elaborately carved. The former, at each angle, were supported by inverted pinnacles of curiously-cut tabernacle work. Delicate piles of the same elegant construction, terminating conically above, and thickly inlaid with small devices in mother-of-pearl, surrounded recesses in the walls. Sometimes traceries ingeniously interlaced and ornamented with painting, gilding, or inlaying, extended across the sides of the room in light pointed arches, springing from brackets in the corners, and the effect of the whole was heightened by beautiful compartments of coloured marble that formed the fountains and floors.

The mosk belonging to the palace is in a state of such utter desolation, that to obtain a view of the

interior, it was necessary to mount a wide breach in the wall. A rich square window, situated high above the floor, had alone escaped destruction. It was finely sculptured in white marble, with the usual divisions for glass filled up by an intricate and highly-wrought species of mimic trellis-work, covered with delicate clusters of creeping foliage:—the design and execution so admirable as to leave no doubt of its European origin.

On ascending the ramparts—a task of some difficulty—we found the extent of the citadel to be much greater than we had supposed. Erected before the invention of gunpowder, it could but feebly resist the force of artillery; but constructed with large, diamond-cut stones, and including eleven bastions within its circuit, some of them mounted with cannon, and all supplied with a guard, it is still capable of overawing the factious inhabitants of the town.

July 12th.—As day was drawing to a close, the tranquillity of our abode was suddenly disturbed by boisterous sounds of joy from the street. We were then conducted to a small projecting window, obscured by a thick trellis, but pierced at the sides and bottom with circular apertures, through which, ourselves unseen, we viewed an assembled multitude beneath, that rent the air with shouts and acclamations. We quickly descended, and found the superior, with some of the monks, at the open wicket of a little postern, demurely witnessing the exultation of the collected crowd. It consisted of a large concourse of young men, of different Christian communities, who were parading, in triumphal procession, their own quarter of the town. Each was supplied with a stick, which he shouldered like a musket. An artificial camel, decorated with flowers and bells, preceded them, numerous small drums regulated their movements, and

banners, composed of wreaths of foliage,—a cross conspicuously decorated, and other emblems of liberation, waved in the air. Their countenances were highly animated, their shouts long and loud, nor was that of "buoni Franki" forgotten. Verses in praise of Ibrahim Pasha were enthusiastically sung,—his valour extolled to the skies, and urged to advance fearlessly to Constantinople, he was cheered with the assurance that his victorious sabre was destined to subdue the world. We could not have had a more convincing proof of the impression produced by Ibrahim's liberal policy. Hereafter, perhaps, when he is invested with full authority, throwing off the trammels of Moslem bigotry, he may admit these despised outcasts among his troops. Their martial ardour, turned into a new channel, and directed to a desired object, may then assist in the partial fulfilment of their own prediction.

Although this tumultuous demonstration was

evidently not displeasing to our worthy hosts, they prudently admonished the leaders to be peaceable and orderly, cautioning all to abstain from giving needless offence. They told us that the full and unsolicited tolerance granted by Ibrahim to every form of worship, and the universal exultation which this had produced, incensed in the highest degree the orthodox followers of the prophet, who threatened the "Christian dogs" with severe retribution, whenever they should regain their former ascendency.*

* I have since been informed, by a gentleman who visited Damascus in June, 1833, that the Christians continued to enjoy the full protection of the new government, ably administered by Shereef Bey, a liberal, enlightened man, and on that account selected by Mohammed Ali to govern the town.

The Franciscans, expecting an addition to their society, were then busily employed in repairing and enlarging their convent; but, disregarding the tolerant

The next day we had an opportunity of inspecting the different apartments of the con-

example of their rulers, Protestant missionary agency was still an object of jealous apprehension. This had been exemplified on the departure of the American missionaries, when these pious fathers required all the Christian communities to give up the bibles and tracts with which they had been supplied. The Catholics and Maronites obeyed, but the Greeks resisted their admonitions. On Sunday, after performing mass, the books thus collected were publicly burnt before the assembled congregation in the court of the convent.

This was in glaring contrast with the indulgence they had themselves received to celebrate publicly the festival of the Ascension. On this occasion they exhibited an imposing and pompous display. A collection of several thousand Christians, many of them on horseback, after parading the streets in procession, to the great indignation of all pious Moslems, proceeded outside the town to enjoy without restraint their newly-acquired privilege.

Mr. Todd, a respectable British merchant from Alexandria, had already settled at Damascus, and rode,

vent where we reside. Notwithstanding a little apparent repugnance to receive us, the deportment of the sacred brotherhood has been uniformly kind and attentive. It consists at present of a superior, and nine monks, of the order of St. Francis; but forming a part of the Terra Santa missions, of which several communities, of very ancient date, subsist in different parts of the Levant. The members here are all natives of Spain, and derive their revenue from that country. Their house is large, rambling, and similar in appearance to the neighbouring mud-built dwellings. The apartments of the superior, commodious and comfortable, contain some articles of European furniture, in the

in his *hat* and Frank dress, daily, through the town. Two other English commercial houses have since been established, Mr. Farren, the consul-general, and his family, have made it their residence, nor is any objection now made to their wearing Frank clothes.

fashion of the "olden time," that recall the sweet remembrance of distant realms, and of other days. The monks are decently lodged, but the rooms destined for strangers are dull and cheerless. A spacious but obscure church is embellished with a handsome altar, pictures, crucifix, tapers, and other usual decorations. There is a latticed gallery for women, and another, unenclosed, with an entrance from the corridor of the house, for private devotion, or for the use of any of the fraternity who may prefer seats, there being none below. I witnessed their daily and weekly service, both of which were performed with great solemnity. At the latter, a large and orderly congregation sat after mass quietly on the ground during an Arabic sermon, which is preached in regular rotation, once a fortnight, by the monks. On this occasion I recognised in the preacher a monk I had daily seen reading, and pacing with un-

wearied steps a shaded terrace within sight. As he often remained during the time of dinner, and never descended at the mid-day hour of sleep, I greatly commiserated the severe penance that seemed to exclude him from the society of all. But he afterwards cleared up the mystery by explaining to me that it was necessary not only to compose, but to learn the Arabic sermon by heart;—a task of such difficulty as to exact intense application and rigorous seclusion.

A school is also attached to the establishment, in which about thirty children, most of them very young, are taught reading and writing by a native Christian, at the expense of the convent. We requested to see the library, and had to wait a considerable time while search was made for the key. In a large, dusty, seldom-frequented room, we found a respectable collection of books, principally in

Spanish, with a few in Latin, Italian, and French. Most of them, of course, were theological,—others were elementary works, necessary for the study of Arabic. There were also some useful but antiquated books of science and travels, nor were French romances of an old date entirely excluded. All, however, were effectually secured from damp by a protecting coat of dust;—some indeed were in rather a tattered condition, but the apathy of their present guardians will probably guarantee them from farther hard usage. A large, empty inkstand, kept in countenance by half-a-dozen shrivelled pens, pointed out the original destination of a cumbrous table in the middle of the room, while a few stray book covers, scattered leaves, and crumpled fragments of blotted manuscript, strewed the floor with literary wreck.

The refectory, though in better order, was

without pretension. Their preparations for dinner, always taken an hour before noon, had really an air of primitive simplicity. Of their food I can say nothing, as our servants provided from the market all we required. Their sole attention seems to be directed to the acquisition of Arabic; but with what ultimate view we were unable to conjecture, as their stay is only for a limited time, and they gave no sign of possessing deep erudition, nor did we discover that any of them were employed in literary investigation.

The society, during our residence, received from Spain, as an altar-piece, a large picture of the Conversion of St. Paul. It was evidently the production of an ordinary artist, and together with a massive gilt frame, carefully rolled and packed, had long waited at Bairoot a favourable opportunity of being secretly conveyed, when the late political changes

occurred, and allowed it freely and openly to enter the town.

In the evening one of the fathers kindly undertook to point out the memorable spots which, from their traditional connexion with the early records of Christianity, now confer upon Damascus its highest interest. Their precise identity has been sometimes disputed. But the town itself, amidst many calamitous changes, has never been entirely demolished. From the dawn of Christianity it has always been inhabited by some of the professors of that faith. It contained a flourishing Christian community, while it formed a part of the eastern empire, and the germs of Christianity have always lingered amidst the grievous oppressions of Moslem intolerance. Hence, as no inducement existed to impose upon pious credulity, it is highly probable that the traditional recollection of particular sites has been faithfully preserved.

The direction of the street "called Straight," corresponds, contrary to Turkish custom, with its ancient name, and leads from one of the gates to the citadel, which has probably always retained its present position. The site of the house of Judas, where the apostle found an asylum, is still reverenced, but now covered by the dwelling of a rigid Mussulman, is inaccessible to strangers. A curious substructure, reputed to be that of the house of Ananias, who restored sight to the apostle, is situated in a different quarter of the town, and resembles the crypt of a primitive church. A broken staircase conducts to a spacious, subterraneous chamber, vaulted above, without light except from the entrance, and its form, as seen by a solitary taper, that of a Greek cross. It has been secretly purchased by the Franciscans, and although not yet in their possession, will no

doubt soon be re-edified, so as to become once more a place of religious resort.

From hence we skirted the edge of the town, and quitted it by one of the public gates, constructed amidst the ruins of a large building that has evidently been a Christian church. The dismantled side now forms a part of the town wall, in which the remains of a large blocked-up doorway, and those of a fine square tower, half demolished, are still conspicuous. The gate, in the occupation of an Egyptian guard, is a portion of the ancient nave, and is separated by a wall from a larger division, still more entire, with rows of columns in their original positions. Immediately beyond the gate are huge mounds of rubbish, the invariable ramparts of Turkish towns. To the left our road was bounded by inclosures of lofty trees,—to the right by the city walls, rudely built of small stones, tottering and untenable. Round and square towers, in a

state of defenceless dilapidation, are placed at irregular intervals, and towards the foundation are seen the remains of more ancient and solid masonry.

We advanced next to the eastern gate, now walled up, but memorable as being the place where the apostle was "let down by the wall in a basket." On the opposite side of the road we were shown an ancient tomb, asserted, but I know not on what authority, to be that of the warder, traditionally called St. George, who having become a Christian, had allowed the apostle to escape, and afterwards suffered martyrdom for his zeal and humanity.

Near this gate we turned to the left into a wide, open road, and passing through a large, uninclosed Christian cemetery, soon reached the place, still highly venerated, of the apostle's miraculous conversion. The present track deviates now from the straight line, leaving, a few yards

to the right, the precise spot believed to be that where "he fell to the earth." This is evidently a portion of an ancient road, consisting entirely of firmly-imbedded pebbles, which having never been broken up, stands alone like the fragment of an elevated causeway. The sides have been gradually lowered by numerous pilgrims, who, in all ages, have sought the pebbles to preserve as relics. A wide, arch-like excavation, through the centre of the causeway, produced by the same superstitious industry, has given it the semblance of a dismantled bridge. Through this aperture it is considered an act of devotion to pass, and one of our attendants performed the ceremony with all due solemnity, rubbing his shoulders against the pebbly sides, while he repeated his prayers with exemplary earnestness.

CHAPTER III.

French Lazarists at Damascus—Deplorable state of Christian communities—Italian Capuchin Convent—Handsome residence of a Greek Merchant—Dinner at the house of Hassan Effendi—Coffee-house—Game of Mangala—Exaggerated description of Damascus and its Environs by Oriental writers—Fruit-trees supply all the Fuel required by the town—Ancient Manufacturing celebrity lost—Favourable situation of Damascus as an Entrepot of Commerce—Prospect of introducing British Goods.

DURING our stay at Damascus, I visited a small religious establishment, where I found two French Lazarists. They were dressed in the costume of the country, were both young men, and one of them, in whom the authority seemed

vested, was highly intelligent, energetic, and interesting. He told me that the house belonged to his order, that being long empty it had fallen into decay, but that he had gradually, and with great caution, repaired and enlarged it,—for the jealousy of the government had heretofore interdicted all reparation without special permission, a favour obtained with great difficulty, and at an exorbitant price. This hazardous task had therefore been principally accomplished in the night, with the certainty of a heavy fine, or even a more severe infliction, had these clandestine labours been detected.

Arabic, he informed me, he had sedulously and successfully studied, aided by a few books brought with him from France,—that he had been induced to quit Europe solely by a desire to promote the revival of religion in the East, and a devoted determination to dedicate himself to the service of the numerous Christian com-

munities that had so long been neglected and oppressed. The state of these various communities—and they amount altogether, at the lowest estimate, to eighteen or twenty thousand in Damascus alone, he described with great feeling and commiseration. Although there were rich and benevolent individuals among them, yet the majority were poor, in a pitiable state of ignorance, and so disunited by the diversity of their creeds, as to rival the Mohammedans in animosity and intolerance. The galling indignities to which they were continually subjected, and the arbitrary exactions to which they were perpetually exposed, had produced the natural effect of making them crafty, servile, and rapacious; nor could it excite surprise that, surrounded as they were by a corrupt population, their moral condition was lamentably degraded.

He stated that those designed for the priesthood were usually sent for instruction to the

monasteries of Mount Lebanon, but their acquirements were so scanty as to conduce but little to general utility.—That, consequently, the influence of the clergy over their respective flocks was small, and even that was mainly supported by practising upon superstitious credulity. The want of education for their children, a deprivation deeply felt by all classes, was an evil, he said, at present without remedy, for teachers were obtained with difficulty, and those capable of advancing beyond the elements of reading and writing absolutely unattainable. He pointed out a large, newly-raised room, intended, when finished, to be a school for general instruction, but felt great apprehension, lest the unsettled state of France, from whence he derives his precarious supplies, should retard the completion of his design.

Such benevolent exertions could not be witnessed without a warm feeling of admiration and

sympathy, nor could a wish be repressed, that *other* countries when sending *lazarists* to the East, would emulate the example of France, in selecting men qualified as well by knowledge as by zeal, to contend successfully with moral contagion, and to infuse new vigour by wholesome instruction.

How touching the contrast of this visit with another I made on the same day to the Italian Capuchin convent! The house, of tolerable size, but nearly destitute of funds, is at present inhabited by an eccentric solitary monk, who makes great pretension to medical skill. Since the death of Monsieur Chaboiceau, a French surgeon, deservedly held in great estimation, this therapeutic enthusiast is the only Frank who has the hardihood to prescribe. It was easy to perceive that he was lightly thought of by his monastic brethren, but he boasted

of his cures, and exultingly displayed a little collection of popular medical books, from which he avowed all his knowledge to have been gleaned.

We were desirous, before our departure, to see some of the magnificent houses for which Damascus is celebrated. The superior of our convent kindly seconded this wish, and conducted us to the habitation of a rich Christian merchant, which in external appearance was ordinary and unattractive. A low, mean door seemed all the communication it had with the street, where, after knocking and waiting, we were admitted by the brother of the owner. A narrow obscure passage, instead of terminating in a stable, to which it might have formed a suitable approach, opened into a spacious court, paved with coloured marble, ornamented with a fountain, and shaded with trees and flowers. Im-

mediately in front was a handsome divan, within a capacious painted recess, and a door on each side opened into a large and splendid apartment. The one we entered had a richly carved ceiling of wood, inlaid with small pieces of looking-glass, interspersed with devices of gilt fretwork, and supported at each corner by long elegant brackets. This room was divided in the middle by a pointed arch and raised floor. The upper division was surrounded with a rich divan, over which was an irregular sort of wainscot, formed of carved and gilt network, inclosing small pannels, painted in arabesque. Near the ceiling a square looking-glass, in an ornamented gilt frame, hung against the wall, with another beneath of a smaller size, and shield-like shape.

The floor of the lower division consisted of tastefully arranged devices in variegated mar-

ble. In the centre two ornamented brass tubes poured streams of water into a square fountain, over which a small crystal chandelier was suspended. The walls of this part of the room were gaudily painted in long horizontal stripes of red and blue, relieved by fancifully-shaped compartments of carved wood, neatly inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The windows were without glass, and closely grated. Several open recesses in the walls displayed handsome china basins, dishes, and many articles of cut-glass, with ornamental gilding. Here we were regaled with coffee, sweetmeats, and liqueur, and politely invited to repeat our visit, should we prolong our stay.

Monsieur Baudin's house, although less splendid, was similarly arranged. A low, mud-built fabric, resembling the back of a cattle-shed, placed in a miserable narrow alley, was en-

tered through a winding, unpaved passage. Within was a handsome court,—a fountain shaded with trees,—a divan in an open recess,—an apartment similar to that in the house of the Greek, but of less pretension, with its walls painted in Turkish patterns.

Our curiosity was also unexpectedly gratified by the sight of the interior of a Turkish mansion. Through the French instructor we received an invitation to see the stud of Hassan Effendi, an influential man, and a member of the supreme divan, or council of state. Among his numerous horses, some were said to be choice and valuable, but none were particularly striking to an unpractised eye. His house, which had been highly extolled, was far from sumptuous. A lofty gate led at once from the street into a large court, crowded with loitering attendants, supplied with a fountain, and lined on two sides

with what appeared to be the rooms of domestics. Above was an open gallery, and a second story, with large thickly-trellised windows, probably those of the hareem.

The intelligent countenance and perfect good breeding of the master of the mansion were quite in unison with his nicely rolled turban, and the well-chosen colours of his dress. After numerous questions relative to our country and travels, telling us that he had himself visited Constantinople and Egypt, he inquired if the houses, lately built at Alexandria, bore any resemblance to those of London. Several visitors were present, and some were distinguished by the green turban, the honoured badge of the prophet's family. As soon as my profession was known, it was put in immediate requisition by a general feeling of pulses, but I had now learned how to meet these importunate de-

mands, and pronouncing *taib taib* (very good) with true Turkish gravity, the inquirers were satisfied, and my embarrassment relieved.

After the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee, we were civilly invited to return to dinner at noon on the following day. Punctual to our appointment, we waited so long that we began to think we had misunderstood the compliment. Visitors came in, pipes and coffee went round, until, wearied with the monotony of the scene, we rose to depart. We were then reminded of our engagement, and politely asked if we preferred the European custom of separate plates, or would conform to the oriental mode. We, of course, chose the latter, and were soon summoned to our repast. The effendi first quitted the room. Ourselves—the instructor, and several other guests, followed without ceremony.

Crossing the court, each dipped his hands

in the fountain, and towels were presented by servants. We then entered a large open recess, raised from the ground by a high step, leaving our slippers below. In the middle of this apartment stood a low table, which put us to some inconvenience by its diminutive size, as we all indiscriminately encircled it, sitting on the floor upon our heels. Upon this was a tray, plentifully supplied with thin cakes, and liberally furnished with *silver* spoons. In the centre was placed a metal dish, standing on a high foot, and filled with a cone of minced and well-seasoned meat, swimming in a sauce of curdled milk, and garnished with rolls of fried paste. The dish was surrounded with several small basins of ordinary English ware, some of them containing a kind of sallad, deliciously flavoured with cucumber, and pleasantly acidulated with sour milk, and

others a vegetable, apparently of the gourd tribe, of a delicate flavour, fried or stewed in gravy. Our host set the example, by first eating a portion of the paste, dipped in the sauce. He then took some of the contents of the principal dish, and occasionally of the others, on his bread, which he ate with his spoon. All then commenced, without invitation, in the same manner, and the servants—for several stood behind us—changed the dishes again and again, at the signal of their master.

The dinner was really excellent. Different kinds of meat cut in small pieces, were mixed with chopped vegetables, or sauces, so that nothing required to be separated with the fingers. Pastry, stewed apricots, and other sweets were served, without any perceptible order, in the middle of the repast, and last of all came a pillauf of mutton and rice. The

only beverage was water, which was presented when asked for in small coarse basins of English earthenware. Our entertainment was almost a silent one. Each guest, as he finished, left the table, and resuming his slippers, advanced to the fountain, where he was supplied with soap and a towel. All then assembled in the other apartment, where, after repeating the ceremony of smoking, we took our leave.

We had heard the coffee-houses of Damascus so highly praised, that on adjourning to one of the best, our expectations were miserably disappointed. Those of the most attractive locality are situated on the verge of the town. A spot selected by the side of a stream,—where, shadowed by overarching trees, it branches into several channels,—is surrounded by a fence, with a wooden shed in the corner, where refreshments are prepared. Clumsy platforms over-

hang the water, rude bridges of planks cross it in several directions, and low rush-bottomed stools accommodate such as may wish for the indulgence of a Christian-like seat. Even the usual distribution of pipes and coffee scarcely seems to disturb the solemn stillness of the place. Among scattered groups of ordinary-looking men, some occasionally indulge in the luxury of a short sentence—others absorbed in silent meditation, watch the clouds of smoke that proceed from their pipes, while a few, more actively disposed, circulate the shells with which they play their favourite game—and such are the agreeable resources—the refined enjoyments of a Turkish *café*.

The game of Mangala, universal throughout the East, admits only of two players. Between them is placed a flat board, usually ornamented with mother-of-pearl, in which twelve circular cavities are arranged in two rows. Sixty

shells (*kooary**) are distributed in the four centre hollows, and the beginner taking the contents of one of them, drops a single shell regularly into each cavity, always going from left to right. When the last shell is thus disposed of, should it make the number already there two, or four, the player takes possession of the contents, as well as those of the opposite cavity. His adversary proceeds in the same manner, each alternately, thus distributing his shells, until the cavities are all cleared. The shells of the parties are then reckoned, and the possessor of the largest number is of course the winner. Should the last shell at any time fall into an empty hollow, the career of the player is stopped, and his antagonist commences; but should it be dropped into one that has not yet been cleared, he

* Kowries, the produce of the Red Sea, common throughout the east, and used as money by many of the African tribes.

is entitled to the contents, with which he pursues his course, until he can make up the requisite number of two or four. The success of the game, notwithstanding it greatly depends on chance, is considerably influenced by practical dexterity, for the player is not only privileged to calculate the number of shells in any of the cavities, but also makes his own election where to commence.

I know of no European mode of "killing time" which this at all resembles. The simplicity of its combinations, and the easy task it imposes on the intellectual faculties, place it far below the difficulty and dignity of chess,—a game, which, by absorbing the whole attention, and exacting profound silence, has always possessed a peculiar charm for Turks, to whom indolent taciturnity seems to be positive enjoyment.

Oriental writers in all ages have lavished with

characteristic exaggeration, the most extravagant encomiums on the superiority of Damascus. They have vaunted it as a terrestrial paradise, and invested it with unrivalled opulence and splendour. They have compared it to a pearl set within a cluster of emeralds; they have extolled it as the mole of beauty on the cheek of nature, and have likened its varied and perennial verdure to the resplendent plumage of the peacock of Paradise. Its numerous population they have amplified to five hundred thousand, and have spread groves and gardens to the incredible extent of a day's journey on every side. They have supplied it with a thousand rivulets, and bestowed fountains upon every house within its circuit. The garden of Eden they assert to have been situated near it, and believe that Adam was formed of the red earth still found in its vicinity. They affirm that Abel was slaughtered in a cave on one of their mountains, where

his grave is still shown; and that the burying place of Seth also exists in the same region. They point out the tomb of Noah, which has been always an object of Moslem veneration, and claim for this district the distinction of having given birth to all the early patriarchs. —By what miracle, however, antediluvian monuments escaped the effects of the flood we were unable to discover, and were deterred from seeking these wonders by hearing that bands of discontented marauders from the captured towns infested the whole country. But with every deduction that eastern hyperbole demands, and however cheerless and forbidding the interior of the town, it must be acknowledged that the contrast of its irrigated and embowered suburbs, with the naked barrenness around, is strikingly beautiful, nor can the delicious enjoyment of water and shade, in a

sultry climate, be duly appreciated in the humid regions of the north.

Damascus, of unequal breadth, cannot be less than from two to three miles in length; and probably no other city is so plentifully supplied with water. Gardens, or rather orchards, sown with corn and other produce, extend in some directions perhaps to the distance of three or four miles beyond the walls. Trees attain a prodigious growth, which they owe to the favourable nature of the soil. Figs, oranges, olives, walnuts, &c., are produced in the greatest abundance, and such is the gigantic size of fruit trees, that we were assured they supply the whole of the fuel which the town requires. Of stone-fruits they have a great variety—the apricots are delicious, ripening in succession, and some species, when dried, form a lucrative article of commerce.

Many detached houses, delightfully placed, are scattered round the vicinity of the town, but high walls and embowering trees almost conceal them from view, nor at the present juncture was there any chance of gaining admission to the secluded retreats of oriental luxury. We nevertheless rode frequently and freely in all directions, a liberty hitherto denied to Christians, who had been always compelled, on entering the town, to dismount at the gates.

The weaving of silk and cotton is all that remains to Damascus of its once celebrated manufactures, although their extent and importance in the middle ages, and the active intercourse then maintained by this city with Europe is sufficiently attested by the name of damask so generally applied to figured silks and linens, and by the addition of damascene plums, and damask roses, to our fruits and flowers.

The art of fabricating the well-tempered swords, for which Damascus was so famous, has long fallen into utter oblivion, although a few that are still called Damascus blades, brought from Persia, are eagerly sought for at a high price.

From its centrical position, little more than forty miles from the sea, this town is admirably adapted to become the *entrepôt* of an extensive commerce between England and Asiatic Mohammedan states. The annual resort of pilgrims offers a ready channel for conducting such a traffic; and were British capital and enterprise directed to this object, an important outlet might be established for many of our manufactures. As the sacred season approaches the pilgrims collect in great numbers. All then is activity and movement. They arrive loaded with commodities,—remain several weeks,—make large purchases and exchanges,—and some idea may be formed of the consequence of

this assemblage as a medium of commerce, from the circumstance of their camels alone amounting to thirty or forty thousand.

The vicinity of Damascus yields silk of good quality, and in great abundance. Cotton might be grown to any extent, and the coffee-tree is said to flourish luxuriantly, although its produce, hitherto, has never been turned to advantage. English earthenware, but of the commonest description, is already found here; and suitable articles in china and cut glass, coloured crapes, certain kinds of cutlery, and the finer qualities of spun cotton, to supply native looms, might no doubt be successfully introduced. Other articles of British manufacture would also find a ready market, if the patterns, and taste of the different classes of natives, which never vary, were first ascertained.

Arabic literature was heretofore successfully cultivated at Damascus, and many curious books

will probably be discovered, that may eventually find their way to Europe, when the liberal policy of Mohammed Ali is firmly established. In their dress, as well as in the decorations of their houses, the better classes of inhabitants display much taste for show. Time, however, has produced no improvement, and with what satisfied their ancestors all are content. A vest is often worn here, that, worked in broad and bright stripes, meeting in a point both behind and before, has at first sight the appearance of a herald's tabard.

Artisans from Damascus are highly esteemed in the East. Interior decorations, including inlaid marbles, are supplied from hence, although the latter, already prepared for laying down, are first imported from Leghorn. Constantinople furnishes the rich embroideries and other articles of female luxury, and France fabricates the cloths, velvets, and coloured crapes, designed

to be thus ornamented. Inlaying with mother-of-pearl is coarsely executed, but so common, that the high clogs worn in the house by Syrian women are profusely covered with this glittering material.

Damascus is said to be the only town in Syria that has in any degree maintained its prosperity and population. Aleppo is well known to have dwindled from two hundred and fifty to something less than one hundred thousand, with a proportionate diminution of commercial importance. The population of Damascus has, probably, never exceeded the present estimate of a hundred and forty, or fifty thousand; but as registers are unknown in Mohammedan countries, and the ravages of plague not unfrequent, statistical calculations are of course discordant and uncertain.

The day before our departure my companion waited upon the governor, lately appointed by

Ibrahim Pasha, who civilly offered us any travelling facilities we might require. Accompanied by the French instructor, he went also to the Egyptian camp, where he witnessed a well-executed military manœuvre, and was saluted by the band with our national air of "God save the King."

A request was afterwards made by the military commander, that I would visit an Arab officer, reported to be seriously ill. On proceeding with the instructor to the Serai, I found the patient, a young man, suffering from ordinary fever, stretched on a mattrass, with his physician kneeling by his side. The latter assured me that the remedies I proposed had been already administered,—that being under no apprehension for the safety of the invalid, he required no counsel. My unexpected appearance seemed as little acceptable to the one as the other, and I therefore speedily left them,

with my good wishes for the success of their plans.

"I was next solicited to visit the hospital, to decide whether a disease that had broken out among the military was a recurrence of cholera, which last year had spread with frightful rapidity through the town. But this dreaded malady having never scaled the Alps, no opportunity of observing it had ever occurred to me. My opinion would therefore have weighed little with those who had already treated the disease, nor could it have been deemed prudent on the eve of our journey to expose our little caravan to risk from infection.

CHAPTER IV.

Prepare to leave Damascus—Pass the Village of Salahiah—First View of Turkish Rural Activity—Medjee Engel—Cross the Bekaa and ascend Mount Lebanon—The Country of the Druses—Tantoor worn by the Women—Palace of the Emeer Besheer—Rejoicings for the Surrender of Aleppo—Assemblage of Chiefs—Description of the Castle—Encamp in a Romantic Valley—Distant View of the Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope—Arrival at Saidee, the ancient Sidon.

Having industriously endeavoured, as far as Moslem jealousy would permit, to examine every interesting object within the walls of Damascus, we now made preparations, with equal alacrity, for regaining the Syrian coast. The existence

of plague at Bairoot determined us to take the direction of Saidee, the ancient Sidon, which, besides enabling us to visit the Emeer Besheer, would give us an opportunity of exploring a new district of Mount Lebanon. The necessary accommodation of a tent had been already provided, and my companion had purchased a horse, which was caparisoned with a scarlet saddle, and a bridle of the same colour, both gaily decorated with tufts and tassels. A more convenient saddle than my former one (an accommodation that no traveller should fail to *take* into these countries) was also bought in the bazaar for a little ambling mule which I was to ride. With a new set of muleteers, a conditional arrangement was made to conduct us either to Saidee, or Jerusalem, as we pleased;—a sais, or groom, was added to our suite,—the janissary was dismissed,—and after the usual contention and delay at the gate of the convent, we finally, after dinner, on the

17th of July, left the town. Instead of passing again through the bazaars, we took another road, which led us across a large cemetery on the outside of the walls. Here numerous monumental memorials of no great pretension were shaded with a few cypresses, or planted with shrubs and flowers.

A gentle ascent soon brought us to a considerable village, superior to those we had hitherto seen, as well in the number and neatness of the dwellings, as in the size of the mosk and of the various buildings adjoining. The name of this village, Salahiah, belongs also to the mountain we had descended on our approach to the town; and now, crossing the sterile plain at its base, we regained our former track, and began to climb. From the summit we took our last view of Damascus, with its long line of minarets and domes, stretching away from the north-east to the south-west. Continuing our course, we again

passed the bridge at Dhemmar, and wound through the luxuriant valley watered by the Barrada, which takes its rise among the mountains of Zibdany.

As the sun began to decline, and we were rapidly advancing towards the verge of cultivation, we selected an inclosure of apple-trees, where dismounting, we ordered our tent to be pitched, and the necessary preparations made for passing the night. Ere these were completed, sounds of contention were heard among our busy attendants. Two men, armed to the teeth, who had closely reconnoitred their movements, now peremptorily commanded them to desist; but peace was soon restored by a promise of compensation, which they came the next morning to receive, bringing a little present of apples and milk.

At five o'clock we began to move forward, and leaving the road we had traversed from

Zook, turned to the left, through an uncultivated hilly country, and reached in six hours a small plain. There, by the side of a rivulet, we dined beneath a majestic walnut-tree, towering over a cluster of poplars that afford a welcome resting-place to weary travellers,—for throughout the day we had caught no glimpse of a human dwelling.

At two o'clock we again moved forward, and soon entered a narrow valley, where, for two hours, the road wound amidst projections of rock, only diversified by the yawning mouths of capacious caverns. These being frequently the lurking-places of predatory bands, we were strictly cautioned to keep together. At the termination of the valley, which opens at once upon an extensive level, its width became so contracted that it might easily be closed with a pair of gates. We now crossed the middle of an untilled plain, affording excellent

pasturage and sprinkled with herds of cattle, attended by groups of wild-looking men. In an hour and a half we entered another valley, and leaving a distant village to the right, industrious cultivation again became conspicuous.

Our road now, leading through corn-fields lately cleared, brought us to the foot of a gentle slope, on which was a large village, distinguished by an ancient square tower that served the purpose of a minaret, and by the extensive remains of a large castellated building on a neighbouring height. For the first time, we here witnessed the cheering sight of rural activity. A well, near the road, was thronged with peasants of both sexes, supplying water to oxen, and sheep. Heaps of produce were piled round the entrance of the village. Men, women, children,—all were in movement. Some were thrashing and winnowing according to eastern fashion, and others housing the corn already disengaged

from the straw. A clumsy machine, sometimes drawn by a horse, and sometimes by two bullocks, was driven round the threshingfloor by a man who flourished a long goad, and had often children riding, highly delighted, by his side.

We slept in the court-yard of the sheick of the village, under a wall, upon a platform which did not afford room for our tent. This village, called Medjee Enjel, inhabited entirely by Mohammedans, had been lately separated from the pashalic of Damascus, and annexed by Ibrahim Pasha to the territory of the Emeer Besheer. The night was clear, but a constant chilling wind convinced me that it must be hazardous at all seasons, in these elevated districts, to sleep in the open air.

July 19th.—At six in the morning we rode through the middle of the village, and then down an abrupt descent into a wide plain, skirted on

the opposite side by the heights of Lebanon. We now once more entered the Bekaa, that extensive level in which Balbec is situated, and, according to the calculation of our muleteers, were only at the distance of a day and a half from that town. The prospect before us assumed here a new character. The plain stretched far away to the right, while to the left it was bounded by the rugged outline of distant mountains. Although every where under cultivation, it was unshadowed by a single tree. But the whole was divided into ridges and furrows of different shades of colour,—some cleared and others covered with crops,—but all curiously ranged in irregular compartments, like a vast expanse of fantastic inlaying in wood. In crossing this plain, a journey of two hours, we forded four large streams.—the first of great size and rapidity, clear, and full of fish,—the others in winding channels, with waters more or less turbid.

We passed only through one village, but saw another at a little distance. As we advanced, many portions of the plain were left entirely in pasturage. Large herds of cattle were quietly feeding, with troops of brood camels, and their young, all guarded by Bedoween attendants, whose simple tents were little superior to a gipsy encampment.

At a river we were about to ford, two women were filling water-skins. On the finger of one of them was a large engraved onyx, set in silver. This by a sign I expressed a wish to examine; but taking instant alarm, she hastily withdrew her hand within her veil, and took to flight. Our dragoman had lingered behind, and we were therefore unable to explain that we had no intention to seize by force upon her gem. We quitted this plain near a remarkable rock, whose flat surface projected only a few feet above the surrounding level. At its base a magnificent

stream burst forth, of size sufficient to turn a mill. A steep, craggy mountain, in many parts well wooded, was now immediately before us, and as we climbed its side by a tolerable road, we crossed a torrent that rushed from the mountain with great noise and rapidity. We still continued to rise by a circuitous and steep path, often hoping we had gained the summit, but hills seemed piled on hills in never-ceasing succession.

After toiling forward for three tedious hours we reached a small spring. Here we pitched our tent,—for animals, as well as rationals, required rest and refreshment. During this welcome repose, I observed a passing stranger, who vainly endeavoured to quench his thirst by drinking water from the palm of his hand. Approaching to serve myself, I lent him my drinking-glass, which he examined with wonder,

presenting me at the same time with some flowers he had gathered by the way.—Even in unfrequented wilds these little courtesies sometimes brighten the path of the way-worn traveller.

On continuing our progress, winding round the side of a bold naked eminence, we at length, to our great satisfaction, gained the summit, and began immediately to descend. This was sometimes a difficult task, but by no means the most laborious we had encountered, and in an hour and a half we safely reached the foot of the mountain. We now entered a cultivated valley, planted with mulberry-trees, where the aspect of every thing around indicated the improved civilisation of the industrious subjects of the Emeer Besheer.

We stopped for the night at the village of Barook, chiefly inhabited by Druses, many of

whom are said to have adopted the creed of their Maronite neighbours. Our tent was placed close to the house of the principal vender of small wares, round which our arrival soon attracted a crowd, but far superior, in appearance and civility, to the inhabitants of any district we had previously seen. Most of the men wore clean white turbans, and the women were wrapped in blue veils, beneath which a tantoor, that invariable article of Druse luxury which is worn day and night, made a conspicuous figure. This we had now an opportunity of examining, for our host, accompanied by his wife, came to our tent, attracted by the novelty of tea, which they both drank, when well sweetened, with apparent satisfaction. The lady, in return, satisfied our curiosity by taking off her tantoor, which was of silver, rudely embossed with flowers, stars, and other devices. In length it was, perhaps, something more than a foot; but in shape had little

resemblance to a horn, being a mere hollow tube, increasing in size from the diameter of an inch and a half at one extremity, to three inches at the other, where it terminates like the mouth of a trumpet. If the smaller end were closed, it might serve for a drinking-cup; and in Germany, glasses of the same form and size are still occasionally used. This strange ornament, placed on a cushion, is securely fixed to the upper part of the forehead by two silk cords, which, after surrounding the head, hang behind, nearly to the ground, terminating in large tassels, that, among the better classes, are capped with silver.

The distance being short from hence to Beit e' Deen, the residence of the Emeer Besheer, we delayed our departure on the following morning till eight o'clock. Our road lay through a succession of beautiful valleys, amidst detached cottages, and scattered hamlets, embowered in mulberry

groves, or shaded with clusters of vines and fig-trees. A brilliant sunshine threw an air of cheerfulness around, cultivation and care were every where visible, the dissonant creak of the silk-wheel was frequently heard, and we joyfully hailed the exhilarating indications of ease and industry. Near the domain of the prince, the sloping sides of the valleys, to their very summits, were cut into a series of terraces, rich with luxuriant vegetation;—water was every where conveyed in channels for irrigation, and the habitations, though small, exhibited an appearance of neatness and comfort to which, in our recent wanderings, we had long been strangers.

Pursuing a winding course we now caught the first view of the mansion, crowning, like a huge fortress, a bold, circular projection of the mountain. Picturesque buildings of great extent, and of various shapes and elevations,

with flat roofs forming long and wide terraces, were at one extremity surmounted by a cluster of small cupolas, and at some of the corners by square pavilions. A large tent was raised in the centre, and the open space was every where crowded with a moving throng. Their loud shouts were re-echoed by the neighbouring hills, and an incessant, irregular fire of musquetry was kept up, as if to repel the attack of an assailing foe. We soon passed a species of guard-house, the station of Egyptian troops; and a little beyond, turned to the right through a steep, unfinished road that brought us, at eleven o'clock, to the entrance of Beit e' Deen. Here we found that the sheicks of the surrounding districts, with their numerous retainers, had just assembled to celebrate the surrender of Aleppo, and to listen to the contents of a dispatch received on the preceding day from their absent chief—That the emeer himself

had, early in the dispute, formed an alliance with Ibrahim, and had joined him with a body of troops; but that his son, who conducted the government, when the ceremonial was concluded, and the tumult had subsided, would willingly receive us.

In the first court of the castle—for such it may be called—a scene presented itself that carried us back to the chivalric parade and feudal array of the middle ages. On one side, an arcade supported by a high terrace, thronged with military, formed the front of an extensive line of newly-built barracks. Piles of arms, accoutrements, and baggage, with here and there a camp fire, surrounded the walls. Richly caparisoned horses were pinioned in long rows to the ground.—Mingled in picturesque confusion, swarms of attendants, of soldiers, and of peasants, in various costumes, with cumbrous equipments, banners, and military music, were in

active movement, firing their pieces, and expressing their joy with violent and noisy gesticulation.

We made our way with difficulty through this dense and motley crowd, and mounting a wide flight of steps we reached the principal court by an arched passage. Here an assemblage, of at least two hundred tall, well-built, mountaineers, whose curiously embossed arms, voluminous and varied turbans, and gay party-coloured vests, mingling with fine effect, were equally elated, and little less noisy than their inferiors below. From this turmoil we were glad to escape, under the guidance of a domestic, who led us up a small staircase to an unfinished and unfurnished apartment, the platform of which was, however, quickly supplied with carpets and cushions.

In the course of an hour the commotion began to subside, the firing by degrees ceased, many

of the guests departed, and the soldiers marched out to the sound of military music. Recognised by our former acquaintance of Khemi Taboory, the young sheick came to salute us, and a little levee of invalids soon collected to lighten the medicine-chest. The room cleared, a dinner of six dishes was served in the Turkish style,—a liberal hospitality that elsewhere extended to as many of the guests as chose to partake. Our repast concluded, during which no beverage but water was offered, we descended below to pay our respects to the deputy chief.

Passing an anteroom, peopled with a group of loiterers, we entered a spacious chamber, handsomely fitted up with marble, having a coved ceiling—small elevated windows—and divided by a sunk passage leading to a fountain, —the walls every where decorated with arabesque designs, and Arabic inscriptions. Here, the prince, a good-looking man of forty, well-

dressed, but of unwieldly bulk, without shoes or stockings, was sitting on a raised floor supported by cushions, amidst heaps of papers, with a kneeling secretary at his side.

Coffee was immediately introduced—a few unimportant questions asked, and an offer civilly made of extending our visit to a few days. This we declined, but requested, and readily received permission to inspect the interior of the house. The quadrangle, into which we returned,—of large dimensions,—had a handsome fountain in the centre, throwing up a great body of water. Irregular piles of building, in picturesque, Saracenic taste, formed three of its sides. The fourth was bounded by a low wall, commanding a beautiful view of woody declivities, and of a deep romantic valley, winding below.

The principal front, made up of a strange mixture of incongruous parts, displaying a fantastic lightness, inconsistent with stability, faced

the entrance of the court. From the left-hand corner sprung an arch of imposing dimensions, richly ornamented with reticulated and zigzag mouldings, gaudily painted, and resting on taper columns. Beneath were two doorways, one small, and little conspicuous, leading to the audience chamber we had just quitted; the other more ample, with a huge, square door, covered with plates of bronze—studded with large nails, and furnished with two massive knockers. This merely gave access to a dull and naked vestibule, surrounded by a stone seat, and communicating with I know not what part of the house, by a small door, opening into an obscure passage.

Close to the arch, we ascended a spacious outside staircase, leading to a nondescript, Saracenic portico, or colossal verandah, not ranging with the centre of the building, and consisting of a cluster of tall, slender pillars, embossed

and painted. This communicated with an external gallery, that extended the whole length of the front, and terminated above in a projecting painted roof—the whole elaborately irregular, and in glaring opposition to all symmetry and proportion. From this gallery a few grated windows exhibited splendid shawls and costly dresses, suspended against the walls, an indication of the forbidden recesses of female seclusion, and therefore the signal of retreat. The most conspicuous object beyond was a species of oriel window, constructed of wood, projecting forward like an overgrown pulpit, and resting on a base with a conical termination. Either from the indolence of the domestics, or the concourse of guests, few apartments were shown. Those in the opposite wing were such as we had seen at Damascus, with handsome divans, Mosaic floors, and fountains, and walls painted in arabesque.

This spacious mansion was evidently undergoing extensive alteration. Scaffolds were erected against the principal front, many parts were still incomplete, and a few artisans were pursuing their employments. We were thus led to observe that the columns, so conspicuously disproportioned, were mere wooden supporters, covered with a species of cement, which, formed into embossed decorations, assumes when dry, the appearance, and soon acquires the hardness of stone.

From the principal square we were taken round to the baths, which for beauty and convenience, surpassed any we had previously seen. Six or seven small apartments, with elegant pointed door-ways, and crowned with ornamented domes, were supplied with pavements and fountains, of the richest Florentine mosaic, arranged in circles and triangles, intermixed with stars, flowers, and other fanciful devices.

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As the Emeer and his family have relinquished the Moslem faith, an apartment in the house is consecrated to Christian devotion. A respectable Frank officiates both as priest and physician, but we were neither shown the chapel, nor did we see the chaplain.

About four o'clock we made preparations to continue our route. Just before our departure the Emeer descended into the outer court with a numerous retinue, and left the castle on horseback, amidst the greetings of retainers that every where crowded the court, carelessly lounging among groups of caparisoned horses, or indolently stretched on the ground caressing their dogs.

As we rode round the side of the hill in an opposite direction to that by which we had arrived, we perceived that Beit e' Deen was placed on the summit of a bold inland promontory, over which we caught a glimpse of Deir el Kammar,

the capital of the Druse district, situated, we were told, at the distance of an hour, and containing a population of eight or nine thousand.

Our road soon, but gradually, began to descend, cultivation and population diminishing by degrees as we advanced. A ride of little more than two hours, among romantic wooded heights, at length brought us to a deep glen, with a small brook, winding its way through a dilapidated bridge, where, on the flat roof of a lone cottage, our tent was fixed for the night.

Early the next morning, leaving this wild spot, called Leboth Ammon, we pursued the margin of the stream, now insignificant, but flowing through a channel of great width deeply worn in the rock, with clustering oleanders in full bloom springing from every crevice. We next toiled up a rugged hoof-worn steep, shut in by rocky walls on one side—darkened on the

other by thick masses of foliage, with a few rustic cabins, on a little knoll, half concealed by walnut and fig trees.

At length, quitting the region of rock and flood, we attained the summit. A little below, to the left, lay an uneven plain, scattered with patches of tillage, and almost bare of trees, but with neither the savage grandeur of the mountains, nor the dreary sublimity of the desert. An unpretending structure, crowning a distant slope, was here pointed out as the abode of our secluded countrywoman.—Years have rolled away since—wearied with political contentions, and saddened by domestic deprivations,—in the noon-day splendour of personal attraction—in the zenith of intellectual pre-eminence—she withdrew from the unsatisfying frivolities of fashionable bondage, to enjoy uncontrolled freedom amidst the solitary wilds of Lebanon.

We soon came within sight of Saidee,—shorn

of its ancient glory,—looking from hence, as if it stretched on a tongue of land far into the sea. Large waves every where beat upon the lonely shore—clustering orchards fringed one side of the town,—and long lines of sterile declivities seemed to forbid the possibility of approach. By a narrow path, sometimes shelving the brinks of precipices, or winding among masses of protruding rock, we at length descended;—threaded a deep water-course bordered by fruit trees, and crossing a bridge, skirted for more than an hour a loose sandy beach, amidst a foaming surf, to the height of our horses' fetlocks.

A journey of six hours from our last sleeping place, brought us to the town, where we discovered with dismay, that Mr. Farren, the English consul, being absent, his house was closed. We then solicited the hospitality of the French consul, and were courteously received

by a venerable man in the Levantine costume, which he had grotesquely varied by wearing his hair tied behind, and a cocked-hat of ample dimensions.

While arrangements were making to provide us with a chamber, Mr. Farren's dragoman arrived bringing the keys of the consular residence, and urgently requesting us to take immediate and entire possession. With grateful acknowledgments to our intended host, we accepted this offer, and found our new abode a small, ordinary Levantine dwelling, with little indication that it had ever been inhabited by others than natives. Here we were quickly established, and decided to remain a couple of days.

CHAPTER V.

Invitation from Lady Hester Stanhope—Unobtrusive Residence among the Mountains—The Dress of the Country—Indiscreet Intrusion of Travellers—The Death of Mr. Pitt a motive for quitting England—Melancholy end of Sheick Besheer—Magnanimous Resolution—Death of his Sons—Amicable relations with his Enemy refused—Distressing domestic Calamity—Return to Saidee.

As a lady at Naples, not less distinguished by rank than conspicuous for urbanity and kindness, had obligingly favoured me with a letter of introduction to Lady Hester Stanhope, I now dispatched a special messenger

to her mountain retreat, only three hours from Saidee.

The next morning, (July 22nd,) one of her ladyship's servants, who spoke a little French, arrived soon after day-break, with a horse, and an invitation to her house. With this welcome summons I cheerfully complied, and before the heat became oppressive, reached, with the loquacious Arab, the wide inclosure that encircles her habitation. The entrance was distinguished only by a simple gateway—the deep shade of trees within, and a rude verandah outside the wall, looking over a bounded prospect. Plain buildings of one story, arranged with little attention to symmetry, surrounded two irregular courts, which communicated together by a green trellised passage, covered with jessamine and other odoriferous plants. On one side of the inner court was a handsome verandah, forming a detached room, where I was detained

a short time until my arrival was announced. Conducted into the house, I entered a small apartment, lighted by a diminutive window, with the walls painted green, a mat upon the floor, a divan on one side, and a few articles of European furniture on the other.

Lady Hester was seated on the sofa, with a small table before her, near which was the only chair in the room. To this she immediately directed me, for the dazzling sunshine I had left threw every thing within into temporary obscurity. Her manner, as might be supposed, was dignified and graceful, and her voice of remarkable sweetness. As I became accustomed to the light, her widely-expanded forehead, and finely-modelled profile, the energetic expression of her countenance, and a complexion white as the purest marble, forcibly reminded me of some precious specimen of Greek or Roman art. Deeply sensible to the kindness of her unlooked-

for correspondent, she expressed a warm interest in her happiness, and spoke of her affectionately as "the friend of early days." Her conversation, always fluent and interesting, was often characterised by a depth of reflection, and a shrewdness of remark, that savoured strongly of hereditary eloquence and talent.

Her ladyship's dress was that of the country. The fringed corners of a folded handkerchief of green and yellow silk, brought so far over the forehead as to conceal the hair, fell upon her neck and shoulders. A turban, of white muslin, completed her head-dress with becoming effect. Her kaftaan was of striped silk, with long, loose sleeves. Over this she wore a simple camlet abba, edged with gold cord—fitting closely at the neck, but unconfined at the waist—and of such a length, that the extremities only of crimson Turkish trowsers could be seen, falling over her yellow shoes.

A bell-rope, near the sofa, was slightly touched, and a negro-girl quickly brought in coffee and sherbet.

Lady Hester, adverting to her residence of eighteen years in Syria, remarked that her proceedings had often been censured because her motives were misunderstood, but as a free agent she was amenable only to the tribunal of her own judgment.—That having been considered as an object of curiosity to "lionizing wanderers," and thus rendered publicly conspicuous, contrary to her wishes, her retirement had been often invaded, and her hospitality claimed, by those who would never have ventured to present themselves to her in England without the intervention of mutual friends. She professed her readiness to assist any of her countrymen who really required aid, and her willingness at all times to receive intelligent travellers in search of information, but declared "her invincible repugnance

to obtrusive visits of mere curiosity often made with no other view than to elicit her opinions, which, garbled, mistated, and committed to the press, only served to expose her to animadversion and derision."

On this subject she enlarged with great energy and animation. She stated that her object had once been to make her retirement to the East beneficial to her country;—that by conciliating the Arab tribes she had opened the road to Palmyra, and hoped to have enabled future travellers to investigate with security other ancient sites and interesting monuments. She affirmed that fragments of forgotten sciences were still preserved in remote corners of the East, and that many philosophical inquirers, from the farthest extremities of Persia and India, devoted themselves by laborious travel, not only to obtain but to disseminate knowledge. By their means she had succeeded in discovering the secret

of the unfading dyes for which some countries are celebrated, and the art of fabricating the curiously-tempered arms for which others are distinguished;—that it had been her wish to promote an advantageous interchange of useful arts between distant and unconnected countries. Her plans, however, had been frustated by the very people for whose benefit they were chiefly intended. From various motives she had been beset by travellers belonging to every European nation. Some had attempted to deceive her by affecting to enter into her views—others had considered her as influenced by some visionary illusion,—nor was "a ramble in Syria deemed complete, if one lion remained unseen." Hence, her house had been regarded as the privileged *hospice* of every "home-sick wanderling" —her privacy had been intruded upon—her liberality abused, and the confidence that belongs to domestic association violated, until, at

length, she had been compelled, in self-defence, to close her door.

Amidst much desultory conversation, of the highest interest, mingled with anecdotes of her father's talents and peculiarities, and of her residence with her uncle during the last period of his stormy career, she referred to the intellectual superiority of the great political leaders with whom she had been in intimate assocation. On my expressing surprise that she should have relinquished such enviable advantages, she replied with deep emotion, "I had lived with Mr. Pitt — with whom could I afterwards live?"

She subsequently adverted to the former state of Syria, and spoke of its present disturbed tranquillity as likely ere long to lead to further revolutions that would completely change the destinies of the East.

The Druses, she said, were an Arab race,

originally distinct and pure, but vitiated by the intermixture of persecuted fugitives, to whom for ages they afforded an asylum. The Porte, in virtue of conquest, had long exercised the right of appointing the governor of the Druse district, but this nomination, which involved the responsibility of a stipulated tribute, had often, by the interested intrigues of Turkish agents, been conferred upon the least wealthy and influential. The selfish views of the neighbouring pashas constantly fomented animosities among the different chiefs—hence perpetual feuds and frequent warfare were kept up until the present Emeer possessed himself of the full sovereignty of the mountain. Religious scruples, however, never interfered with Druse allegiance, for most of their chiefs were Mohammedans, and one, for reasons best known to himself, professed Christianity.

The late Sheick Besheer, a friend of Lady

Hester's, but more distinguished for talent and wealth, than for equity and honesty of purpose, was long and closely allied to the interest of the reigning Emeer. The latter having embroiled himself with the Porte was compelled to fly from its threatened vengeance. In this favourable interval, the Sheick attempted to usurp supreme command; but the Emeer, making his peace, resumed his government, and defeated the machinations of his ambitious rival. The sheick, alarmed for his personal safety, then sought counsel from Lady Hester, intreating her to take charge of his treasure, and to give shelter to his infant family. She convinced him of the inutility and impolicy of compromising her neutrality, declined receiving his property, deplored the civil discords that had arisen from injuries and injustice reciprocally inflicted, but promised never to forsake his offspring in the hour of need.

The Sheick, falling into the hands of his

relentless adversary, after a short captivity, was with true Turkish ferocity, doomed to the bowstring. He calmly resigned himself to his destiny, arranged the fatal cord round his own neck, and begged his two executioners, as a dying boon, to shorten his last agony by pulling steadily and together. His eldest son perished miserably—after being savagely deprived of his sight and of his tongue. The two younger, in the prime of youth, to whom Lady Hester was tenderly attached, and in whose fate she felt a warm interest, were closely imprisoned. With an energy and heroism that belong to her character, and do honour to her sex, she resolved to make an effort to see and console them. Difficulties and dangers, that would have deterred a feebler mind, were encountered and surmounted, and she achieved the perilous task of secretly gaining access to their prison.

On discovering who was their visitor, the overjoyed victims rushed impetuously into her arms, believing that she could only bring them tidings of liberation and safety. This fallacious expectation, however, was speedily dissipated, but she counselled them to conciliation and submission, soothed them with the assurance of future protection, and pledged herself always to consider them as the children of her adoption. She saw them no more, for the plague, happily, perhaps, for all, soon put an end to their captivity and their lives.

The present chief, aware that she had favoured the cause of his rival, has made frequent overtures of reconciliation and friendship, but these she has invariably and firmly repulsed. On one occasion a messenger arrived from Beit e' Deen, with compliments of inquiry that were intended to lead to further communica-

tions. He was forbidden to pass the threshold, but her ladyship proceeded with a train of domestics to the gate, heard his message, and only replied, "Tell your master he is poison to my eyes,*—against you, merely the agent of another, I have no animosity,"—offering her hand at the same time to his lips.

Lady Hester with great feeling recounted the particulars of the distressing domestic calamity that befel her household in 1828. A contagious fever crept into her establishment, which consisted of eighteen or twenty individuals. It spread widely among the domestics, and terror soon rendered them incapable of taking care of each other. The duty of nursing the sick thus devolved upon herself and on Miss Williams,

* This strong Arab expression, that indicates deep abhorrence, is an allusion to a corrosive preparation, sometimes cruelly employed to destroy the sight.

who had accompanied her from England. The contagion at length attacked them both. Lady Hester for many days lay in a state of hopeless insensibility, from which she would probably never have recovered, but for the attachment of a grateful widow, once rescued from destitution by her bounty, who now came to see, for the last time, her dying benefactress.

The doors of the house stood open,—the unconscious invalid had been deserted by the servants in despair. The poor woman believed there was no hope, but resolved to remain with her to the last. Anxious to contribute to her comfort, she attempted to moisten her parched lips. Perceiving that the power of swallowing had not entirely ceased, she joyfully supplied her with broth and milk, and never quitted her side

till her senses were restored. But then came the moment of trial—for it could not long be concealed, that during Lady Hester's insensibility, Miss Williams had fallen a sacrifice. A confidential steward, valued for his long and faithful services, had also shared the same fate; and among the inferior members of her household there had been other victims. Overwhelmed with affliction, Lady Hester's convalescence was tedious, the loss of her valued companion irreparable, nor has she ever regained her former vivacity, or recovered her healthful appearance.

My dinner was served in the verandah, as Lady Hester eats alone, and only at her accustomed hours. I afterwards visited her garden, a lovely spot, filled with flowers and fruit, industriously collected from various countries. Pergolas of vines, bowers of myrtle, alcoves, and fountains, every where displaying elegance and taste, seem to

realize the scenes of oriental fiction. The fountains, however, are only occasionally and sparingly supplied, for all the water that her establishment requires is daily brought on the backs of mules from a considerable distance.

The arrangements made for continuing our journey did not permit me to take advantage of a pressing invitation to prolong my stay, and the sun had already begun to decline, when, under the guidance of my former conductor, I descended the mountain. It was late when I reached the gate of the town, which being closed, every solicitation and bribe to gain admittance proved unavailing, so that I anticipated the misery of passing the night in any vacant shed I could find. Fortunately I had observed that the back windows of our residence looked across a small garden over the town wall. My guide conducted me to the spot, and with some effort our servants, who had retired to bed,

were aroused. The dragoman then brought our firmaan to the gate, and a little explanation, with a small present, procured admission.

CHAPTER VI.

Saidee on a narrow strip of Coast—Early foundation of Sidon by the Phœnicians—Celebrity of the Sidonians—No vestiges of ancient splendour—Present state of Saidee—The Druses—Their Origin and Religion unknown —No Evidence of the unfavourable reports of Travellers—Courteous to Strangers—Industrious—Devoted to their Chiefs.

When we observed, the next morning, that Saidee was situated on a plain of, perhaps, five or six miles in length, and apparently not exceeding two in breadth, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by mountains;—the

intervening space now covered with orchards and tillage, it was difficult to believe that this confined limit had once been the seat of power, population, and activity,—and melancholy to consider that the *name* of this gloomy, ill-built town is the only existing memorial of a city (Sidon) founded at a remote period of antiquity, and long conspicuously distinguished for wealth and prosperity.

Without undertaking to decide whether the Phœnicians, were driven by earthquakes from the vicinity of the Red Sea, or were induced to make this spot their permanent settlement by the facility for fishing which an unoccupied line of coast indented with small havens would present, some weight may be allowed to the conclusions of etymologists, who maintain that the name of the town is derived from Tsida, or Tsidun, to fish.

With such a resource the inhabitants na-

turally became expert navigators, and hence were enabled to maintain with other countries a mutually beneficial exchange of commodities. As population increased they were necessarily compelled to extend their boundaries, and form new settlements. Distant and profitable commercial intercourse was gradually established, wealth accumulated, power augmented, civilisation advanced, and arts and sciences were successfully cultivated. Satisfied with the empire of the sea, their narrow strip of coast was divided into separate states,* probably connected together by some species of federal compact.† Their long-continued prosperity at length exciting the cupidity of their powerful neighbours, eventually led to their subjugation and extinction.

* Sidon, Tyre, Berytus, Aradus, Byblis, &c.

† Diodorus refers to the general council of the Phœnicians.

To the Sidonians is generally attributed the invention of glass, an important discovery, supposed to have originated from their observing the vitrification produced by the combustion of marine plants, containing alkali, on their sandy beach. Early distinguished as skilful artificers, they were equally celebrated for the fine tissues they manufactured. Induced by commercial and maritime activity they successfully cultivated astronomy and arithmetic, and were led by their spirit of nautical adventure to invest their most venerated deity with the attributes of the sea.

Subdued and rendered tributary by the Assyrians, and afterwards besieged by the Persians, Sidon,—magnanimously devoted by her own citizens to the flames,—disappointed her rapacious invaders of their anticipated prey. Again re-edified, her gates were opened to Alexander, by whom the crown was conferred upon a royal descendant, found contentedly pursuing rural occu-

pations. Deprived of its ancient importance, Alexandria subsequently monopolized its trade, and involved in the stream of conquest, it successively formed a part of the Syrian, Roman, and Eastern empires. Eventually seized and rifled by the Mohammedans, and possessed and pillaged by the crusaders, it reverted on the expulsion of the latter to its former rulers. The fortifications, lest they should invite intruders, were then destroyed, the port filled up, and the ruins, for a time, utterly abandoned.

Of its original splendour not a vestige remains. An insecure wall, with here and there the indication of a tower, or an occasional breach filled up with regularly-piled *baskets of earth*, encircles the town. Winding bazaars, of considerable length, but so narrow as with difficulty to be passed on horseback, exhibit a tolerable supply of commodities, and of respectably-dressed passengers. The mean, unpaved streets

beyond are disfigured by houses, sometimes large and well-constructed, that extending on arches across them, form damp and sombre passages. An aqueduct furnishes abundant water, and the surrounding district is well-cultivated. The population, supposed to amount to eight or nine thousand, including refugees from Acre, is chiefly Mohammedan, with a small proportion of Greek Christians and Jews. The gothic windows, and heavy buttresses, of a mosk near the shore, with masses of broken columns, arches, and doorways, in the same direction, would seem to indicate the site of an ancient and spacious church. Along the margin of the sea, a broad rocky surface, nearly covered by the waves, is every where wrought into square excavations. The port remains incumbered and useless; and the roadstead, protected by a ridge of rocks, displays no shipping, although, as the residence of European consuls, some foreign trade must have

existed before the war. The public baths, clean and well served, are fitted up, like those at Beit'e' Deen, although on a less costly scale.

At one extremity of the town, overlooking the sea, is a square tower, and near it a barrack, occupied by Egyptian troops. At the other is a species of fortress, including a dome-covered building, surrounded with trees, situated on a small island. A causeway, sheltered by a wall, connecting this with the shore, consists of nine or ten arches, separated by square piers, each surmounted by four ancient columns, but without any appearance of pediment or roof. In attempting to pass the causeway, to my great disappointment, I was stopped by an Egyptian sentry. The building beyond, now used as an arsenal, was constructed by the celebrated Fakeer-e'-Deen, who in the seventeenth century, in attempting to throw off the Turkish yoke, so successfully enlarged the territory of the

Druses. A residence of some years at Florence is a memorable event in his extraordinary career. There, caressed by the Medici, he acquired a taste for civilisation and art, which he strenuously endeavoured on his return to spread among his subjects.*

The origin and peculiarities of the Druses, known of old as an independent mountain tribe, are among the mysteries which have hitherto eluded European investigation. The freedom, however, of their vernacular Arabic, from words and idioms of western derivation, completely disproves the legendary tale that would trace their descent to fugitive Franks in the time of the crusades. The discordant accounts of their

* This was completely eradicated by the Turks, in their hatred to improvement, when they afterwards gained the supremacy. Fakeer-e'-Deen, after being dispossessed of his dominions, was strangled at Constantinople in 1631.

character and religious belief have been generally obtained from Levantine mercantile residents, but such information could only be gleaned from ignorant interpreters and prejudiced priests.

For the unfavourable reports of the Druses, so long and pertinaciously repeated, I was unable to discover any substantial evidence. They indulge in wine and pork, and neglect the initiatory Moslem rite. They neither venerate the name of the prophet, nor profess respect for the Koran, I am therefore at a loss to know upon what ground they can be considered as belonging to a Mohammedan sect. Were such the fact, surely the orthodox chiefs, by whom for centuries they have been governed, would have pursued the natural course of endeavouring to reclaim them from heresy, and either by persuasion or force would ere this have brought them back to their primitive belief.

That their religious tenets should for centuries have been successfully concealed, and that no systematic form of worship has ever been enforced, or even sanctioned by their rulers, are inexplicable anomalies in the history of civil society. But that they worship a sheep or a calf, and believe in the transmigration of souls, are assertions for which I was here assured there is no foundation. From their conforming without choice or scruple to the Christian or Mohammedan ritual, as they may casually be thrown among the professors of either, it may be inferred, that like gypsies, the great majority are totally destitute of religious feeling, and utterly indifferent to all ceremonial observances.*

* The tolerant disposition of the Druses, and their ready compliance with the religious forms of their neighbours, would probably render them favourable subjects for missionary instruction. Judiciously directed efforts among such a people would be more

It has been indisputably ascertained that a bond of union exists among the upper classes, which requires a regular initiation—is involved in impenetrable secrecy, and from which most of the inferiors are excluded. This is believed by some to have a close affinity to European masonic institutions, while others as confidently, and perhaps with as little evidence, assert that grossness and absurdity thus mysteriously veiled are the distinguishing characteristics of their theological system.

Communicative travellers have unquestionably informed them that secret societies are common in Europe, hence their anxious inquiries after Druse communities, which they believe to exist among distant and far severed nations. They have vague notions of a Messiah, whom they

likely to be successful than among the bigoted inmates of the hundred Christian convents that still exist in the recesses of Mont Lebanon. The Druses are said to amount to two hundred thousand.

believe to have already more than once manifested himself, and who may again be expected.

This idea, long cherished in the East, they probably derived from the visionary reveries of Haakem, one of the fatemite khalifs of Egypt, whose assumption of a divine mission, subsequently magnified into a species of incarnation, produced a schism in the eleventh century that long disunited the Moslem world. The absurd doctrines of this frantic enthusiast spread widely through Syria and Palestine, and, amidst the retired recesses of the mountains, were likely to be long and pertinaciously retained. Fanatical books, which prove that the Druses adopted these tenets, are said to have been discovered when their country was sacked, but memorials of an ancient and forgotten faith might have long remained unvalued and unread among an ignorant and illiterate people. When persecution ceased, as no formulary was enforced by

authority, and the largest division of the Druse community has never been that of the initiated, it is difficult to believe that dogmas, which involved the grossest absurdities, should till now be retained; but whatever may be their creed, they evince no desire to make proselytes, and have always displayed the rare quality of being invariably tolerant to the faith of others.

Their uniform kindness and courtesy to travellers is directly at variance with that hatred to Franks which has been unwarrantably charged upon them, nor are the vices that contaminate dense and luxurious communities likely to prevail among an insulated mountain tribe. The testimony of Burckhardt, unimpeachable as to what actually came within his own observation, cannot be entitled to the same confidence when he merely relates the reports of others. A general disregard of religious observances would naturally render the Druses hateful to fanatics

of all persuasions, and surrounded on every side by jealous professors of other creeds, it cannot excite surprise that they should be made the subjects of misrepresentation and calumny.

They were completely subdued by the Turks towards the end of the sixteenth century, and have since been held in tributary subjection to the Porte. Their civil rights, however, have never been infringed. Important national affairs are still decided by their collective sheicks, nor is the lowest peasant excluded from the council.

After the death of Fakeer e' Deen, dispossessed of the coast, their numbers were greatly diminished by civil conflicts. They have since confined themselves to their heights, and are still a bold and hardy race of mountaineers, with little instruction, but hospitable and industrious,—still cherishing an antipathy to the Turks, and manifesting a kindly feeling

towards Europeans. They cultivate corn and silk—go constantly armed—are fond of the chace—and always ready to obey the war-cry of their chief, which, circulating from hill to hill, as the burning cross once did in Scotland, speedily assembles every man with his weapon.*

* It is a singular circumstance that the tantoor forms an article of female dress, as far as I know, peculiar to the Druses. From what people could it have been derived, or what could have led to the adoption of a custom apparently so absurd, and so manifestly inconvenient? It is no less extraordinary, that by a strange species of aristocratical prerogative, the superior classes should monopolize the privileges and consolations of religion, which in other countries are the solace of suffering and the refuge of adversity.

CHAPTER VII.

Embark for Soor, the ancient Tyre—Received at the House of the Sardinian Consul—Desolate appearance of Soor from the Sea—Present fallen condition—Inhabitants principally Christians—Continental Tyre destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar—Insular Tyre by Alexander—Taken by the Crusaders—Proceed to Acre by Land—Pass the white Promontory and the Ladder of Tyre—Deplorable state of Acre—Subterraneous Retreat of Pasha during the Siege—Pillaged by Ibrahim's Troops.

Our survey of Saidee was short and unsatisfactory. We were neither attracted by the reputed tomb of Zebulon, here an object of veneration, nor by the village of Sarepta, two hours from hence, where the widow's son was restored to

life. We would willingly, indeed, have proceeded along the coast to Soor, (Tyre,) a distance of eight or nine hours, but a report having spread that the Turkish fleet had passed the Dardanelles, beasts of burden were withheld by their owners to insure the safety of their effects, in the event of a predatory visit. Our muleteers also demanded an advance of price and not meeting with instant compliance, made another engagement, so that a passage by sea was our only resource. My companion's horse and groom were therefore sent forward to Acre by land, and a boat engaged, navigated by an old man and his two sons, to convey us to Soor.

On the coast of Syria a land wind, for the most part, regularly prevails in the night, and a sea-breeze during the day. We consequently embarked at sunset, and found the bottom of our clumsily-constructed jerm

strewed with sand, which was covered with a mat, and on this our beds were laid. The wind, though favourable, was light, but vermin of every disgusting species—and we had been thus constantly infested during our whole course through Syria—speedily attacked us with insatiable voracity, but after a night of purgatory, we landed at Soor on the following morning, (July 24th,) at ten o'clock.

We were hospitably sheltered at the house of the Sardinian consul, now from home, who had been driven from Acre by the late siege. His wife, a native of that place, received us kindly, and having been previously married to a Frank physician, spoke a little Italian. Her appearance, notwithstanding all the costumes we had seen, was strikingly singular. Two rows, each consisting of at least thirty gold coins, some of them antiques, and strung like buttons, were suspended

from the sides of her red and yellow turban, in which two large bodkins were conspicuously placed, each tipped with a green gem, and a pendent coin. A similar one in her bosom answered the purpose of a brooch, and to the ends of her long braids of hair gold coins were also attached, which, by striking together, gave notice of her approach. An ample vest of thick muslin, covered with huge bunches of flowers, embroidered in colours, gaudily harmonized with an English furniture print, of which the capacious trowers visible at her ancles, were made, and thus a picturesque finish was given to the whole.

The desolate appearance of Soor from the sea,—a straggling, repulsive village of low scattered dwellings, with a few squalid inhabitants loitering on the beach—is in gloomy contrast with the gorgeous descriptions of insular Tyre, before Alexander effected its destruction by

the daring expedient of uniting it with the continent.

The present Peninsula, once the site of this splendid city, anciently estimated at three miles in circumference, but apparently of somewhat less extent, is now a dreary waste, distinguished only by hillocks and furrows; and the memorable isthmus, then so laboriously constructed, has become less conspicuous from the augmentation of its width, by the gradual accumulation of sand. Its once vaunted port is now so effectually choked, that only small boats can approach the shore, although, amidst the waves, the foundations are still visible of the massive walls that formed its fortified boundaries, leaving only a narrow entrance secured by a chain.

Near the landing-place, a few tolerable houses face the sea, and similar ones are sparingly distributed in other directions. An insignificant bazaar offers few temptations even to those

who seek ordinary commodities, and the diverging streets are little more than circuitous alleys, capriciously winding between high walls, as if concealment alone afforded security. Here and there a low door opens into an orchard or paddock, but more frequently into a small court, surrounded with miserable hovels, evidently the abodes of abject poverty. Occasionally an unclosed door exhibits a court of larger dimensions, where a few rude implements of husbandry, and the less meagre looks of better clad occupants, betoken a state somewhat approaching to comfort and ease. Little cultivation, however, is perceptible near the town—of commercial activity there is no sign—listless groups fill every vacant space—and fishermen no longer "spread their nets" on the shore. Hence it becomes difficult to conjecture how a population, scarcely removed from indigence, can here subsist, notwithstanding the temperate

habits of the East, which demand little more than a morning and evening repast of fresh baked cakes, sometimes eaten with a sort of pottage made of lentils, onions, &c., and sometimes merely with a draught of water, or a little fruit.

The destruction of Acre has augmented the population of Soor, now supposed to amount to four or five thousand. Of these, four-fifths are said to be Christians, principally of the Greek communion, with a resident bishop, several convents, and a numerous priesthood. Among the inhabitants, some had the wild ferocious air of mountaineers, but the majority, evidently the Christian portion, were a good-looking race, and invariably disposed to be civil and communicative.

Of the ancient ramparts of the town, no vestige exists, but massive foundations are still visible in the sea. A wretched wall which

shuts in the strip of coast at present inhabited, would afford little security, even if what it enclosed were worth defending. A well of large dimensions, not far from the gate, affords to the town its only supply of water, but whether the produce of a spring, or brought by a subterraneous aqueduct, is uncertain. Covered with a small building, and attracting a constant crowd, it is usually the scene of noisy altercation. At some distance across the sandy plain, the extensive garden of an unoccupied house, not unlike an Italian villa, seemed the favourite resort of a neighbouring Egyptian guard.*

* It would appear, from the observations of an intelligent friend, Mr. Godfrey Levinge, in May, 1833, that the condition of Soor is rapidly improving. He remarks,—"This place, once a collection of mere huts, is now become a respectable town, with five thousand inhabitants, four thousand of whom are Christians, and the remainder Arabs and Turks, with a small pro-

Relentless desolation seems to brood over this devoted region. Fragments of clustered columns, and broken walls, at the south-east extremity of the town—the only visible remains of the

portion of Druses and Jews. The streets are clean, and exhibit many stone houses, some of them of respectable size, surrounded with gardens. 'I visited the Greek Bishop, at his convent, with whom I remained an hour, and was regaled with pipes, coffee, and sherbet. He is busily employed, with the permission of Ibrahim Pasha, in rebuilding his church, as the price demanded by the deposed pasha of Acre for this privilege was virtually a prohibition. The Christians openly exult in their late change of rulers. Instead of insult and oppression, they now enjoy toleration and protection. I met in the town a Greek priest, the superintendent of a school, followed by at least fifty of his pupils, all fine-looking boys. I returned with him to his convent, where, after some interesting conversation, he showed me the church. We purchased provisions without difficulty, which were cooked in the house of a Cypriote family, in whose garden our repast was served."

structures even of the middle ages—perhaps mark the site of the magnificent metropolitan church, once the conspicuous ornament of Christian Tyre. In that splendid edifice, of rich gothic architecture, distinguished by three spacious naves, and two lofty towers, where councils were held and princes and prelates assembled, the bones of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa* were deposited in a sumptuous sepulchre. Every trace of the mausoleum of Origen, raised in the third century, and still existing in the twelfth, has now disappeared.—Broken shafts thrown into a narrow creek awkwardly serve the purpose of a bridge; others piled in the sea, form a barrier against hostile approach. A few

* This wise and valiant monarch was drowned in the Kasmia in 1190, during the third crusade. His bones only were brought to Tyre, the other portion of his remains, *separated by boiling*, having been solemnly interred in the cathedral of Antioch.

columns of marble, of granite, and of porphyry, lie unheeded round a small cove, now the only landing-place, while mounds of sand, thinly strewn with architectural fragments, alone point out the ancient circuit of the town. —And is this all that remains to tell the tale of ancient Tyre—the early seat of civilisation—the empress of the waves?—Could this dreary coast have poured forth dauntless navigators to explore distant regions;—this cheerless waste, could it ever have been the patrimony of "merchant-princes?"—Could this little territory have been the emporium of the commerce of the world?

Tzoor, or Zur, (the Τύρος of the Greeks, and the Sar, and Sarra, of the Romans,*) is said, in its primitive signification, to have been simply a name for fish. Hence, the first settlement made here by the Sidonians, a little to the south, was probably a fishery, like that of the parent state.

* Virgil, Juvenal, and Silius Italicus.

But may not the wonder of timid nations, excited by the skill and intrepidity of Tyrian mariners, have attributed to them somewhat of an amphibious character, and thus conferred upon them a name that belonged to the inhabitants of the deep? Their national designation, however, from whatever source derived, was subsequently applied to the whole country, and still exists in the name of Tsooria, or Syria.

Continental Tyre, afterwards distinguished from the insular city; as Palæ, or ancient Tyre,* placed on the margin of this now desolate coast, speedily eclipsed Sidon in wealth and distinction. Here the valuable commodities of all countries were collected, the produce of distant regions exchanged, and the wants of foreign

* Pliny gives a circuit of nineteen miles to ancient Tyre, including the island. May not this have been the extent of the whole Tyrian territory—easily surrounded by a rampart, and of course thickly peopled?

nations supplied. From hence proceeded distant colonies, the germs of future empires—that of Carthage poetically invested with unfading interest. Here Melek Cartha, the Hercules of Tyre, whose temple originally contained no statue, was from the earliest times a tutelary deity. From hence Solomon was supplied with the artisans and materials that contributed to the splendour of his sumptuous temple; and here, and here only could be prepared,* the highly valued, and eagerly coveted Tyrian purple, the produce of a shell-fish found on the coast.

Courageous in arms as they were skilful in arts, the Tyrians alone successfully opposed the devastating course of the conquering Assyrian, (Salmanasser,) and when subsequently compelled by a siege of thirteen years to abandon their hitherto unsubdued capital to the fury of Nebuchadnezzar, they withdrew with their costly

* "Et Sarrano dormiat ostro."—*Juv.*

merchandise to their sea-girt island, raised a new city, and preserved their independence. Two centuries later, confiding in their advantageous position, strengthened by all the resources of art, they rejected the deceptive overtures of Alexander, and for seven months interrupted his victorious legions in their career of conquest. But no obstacle could shake his inflexible determination. A fleet from Cyprus intercepted maritime relief—the remains of the ancient city were collected—trees were dragged from the neighbouring forests—the portentous mole gradually advanced across the intervening channel, and Tyre fell into the hands of her implacable invader. Pillage and massacre ensued—five thousand victims expiated upon crosses the crime of bravely defending their hearths and their altars—thousands were doomed to slavery, and the devoted city consigned to the flames.

Restored and colonized at the command of the victor, Tyre afterwards repelled the attack of one of his rapacious successors. But the stream of commerce now took a new direction, and the glory of a thousand years passed away never to return. Successively a prey to the Seleucidæ, and to the Ptolemies, this city, in the progress of events, became the metropolis of a Roman province, and was afterwards incorporated with the eastern empire. Christianity then superseded the barbarous usages of paganism, industry again flourished, and Tyre was a strong and valuable possession when it yielded to the irresistible torrent of Mohammedan invasion.

The first crusaders, in their progress through Syria, defeated the governor of Sidon, and halted for a night in the luxuriant gardens of Tyre. Their power consolidated, and their territory extended, in 1124, they vigorously assailed

this rich and populous city, which resisted for five months the united efforts of a powerful army and a numerous fleet. Heroism alike distinguished the defenders and assailants. Favoured by darkness, two adventurous Tyrians swam to an enemy's ship, cut the cable, attached her to one of their own, drew her into the port, and sacrificed all on board.

Deprived of maritime succour, honourable terms of surrender were finally accorded, and in this instance faithfully observed. During a long occupation,* it proved to the Christians an impregnable fortress. Even the mighty Salàh-e'deen was driven from its gates. But the kingdom of Jerusalem subverted, and the warriors of the cross dispossessed, the walls were demolished—"the towers broken down"—the coast

* William, an Englishman, the historian of the crusades, was Archbishop of Tyre, and preceptor to Baldwin the Fourth, who died in 1185.

became a solitary waste, and the predicted desolation of Tyre was fulfilled.

In the evening we again embarked, hoping that we had bade Tyre, with all its saddening associations a last adieu. But after another night of penance, the wind at day-break blew fresh against us, and our course was a second time directed to Tsoor.

A continued unfavourable breeze, on the following evening, determined us to make an effort to go on by land. Failing to obtain horses or mules by the ordinary mode, we sent our firmaan to the military commander, who immediately ordered as many to be impressed, as ourselves, servants, and baggage required.

The next morning the court was crowded with a collection of wretched animals and their tattered owners. A priest made a remonstrance in behalf of the only decent horse placed at our disposal, which was cheerfully relinquished

at the intercession of our hostess. The usual scene of clamour and confusion ensued. Each made an excuse for himself, and recommended his neighbour to our special preference, all vociferating together, at the highest pitch of their dissonant voices. Every moment they seemed coming to blows, but the affair was settled by our selecting five donkeys and two mules, with which at six o'clock we took our departure.

Leaving the Peninsula through a deep, sandy hollow, that marks the position of the ancient mole, our road continued along the beach, bounded by mountains, and occasionally varied with signs of cultivation. Passing the remains of an ancient aqueduct, we reached, in half-an-hour, the cisterns, three in number, called Ras el Ain. These are curiously and substantially fabricated with a mixture of pebbles and mortar, and being raised considerably above the surrounding

level, their abundant waters, after turning several mills, and irrigating a few adjoining fields, rush impetuously into the sea.

In our onward course, we crossed two other considerable streams, and in two hours arrived at the foot of a steep, rocky ascent, where the mountains, advancing to the coast, terminate in a bold promontory washed by the waves. This beautiful pass every where presents a precipitous surface of dazzling whiteness, occasionally intersected with nodules of flint, and hence has obtained the name of Ras Abiad, or the white promontory. A practicable road, commanding magnificent prospects, is carried across the cliff, and the sea beats furiously against its rocky base.

The ascent accomplished, we passed a fort occupied by a small military detachment, on the summit, and then proceeded for several miles through wild and beautiful scenery, sometimes

presenting naked portions of rock, but more frequently gentle eminences, covered with tufts of lavender and rosemary, and fringed with lofty trees, intermingled with luxuriant thickets of myrtle and bay. Passing another military station, called Scanderoon, we stopped to dine, at the end of five hours, in a solitary cabin, within sight of one of the ruined watch-towers that so frequently occur on the Syrian coast.

Our road, an hour beyond, became again precipitous, and passing a third military post among the heights, with two lofty columns amidst hillocks of rubbish, we descended a steep declivity, anciently called the Ladder of Tyre, and reached an extensive level at the farther extremity of which Acre is situated. We now occasionally passed villages and streams, and sometimes saw at a distance an elevated column, or a mass of ruins; but as evening advanced, and

we were still two hours from Acre, we decided to encamp for the night.

July 27th.—Our departure was early, and passing two villages, we found ourselves in the midst of unequivocal signs of recent devastation. The ground was strewed with shot and shells, walls were shivered, and every vestige of vegetation swept away. On our left was an encampment, near a large villa, and to the right we caught a distant view of the fortifications of Acre. Passing the capacious breach made by the successful assailants, now partly cleared from rubbish, and undergoing repair, we approached the sea, and entered a guarded and fortified gate. With much difficulty we made our way through heaps of tottering ruins to the governor's residence. He received us civilly, regretting that the dismantled state of the town offered no prospect of comfortable accommodation, and that the shattered condition

of his own roofless mansion did not permit him to offer us shelter. He s ., however, a soldier to explore some habitable spot, and after much search we took refuge in a half-demolished Greek convent, where a broken stair-case led to an apartment, that, unlike most of the others, was not entirely deprived of its ceil-ing and floor. A mat supplied the deficiency above, and doors torn from their hinges nearly filled the vacancy below. Through the arched roof of the adjoining church, still in the custody of a solitary priest, two shells had passed,—a few soldiers were stationed in the court;—and the rest was a shapeless mass.

Acre, of less extent than we had anticipated, and occupying a projection of land with the sea enclosing a third of its circuit, is now a dreary, uninhabited waste,—a melancholy picture of devastation and ruin. Closely besieged for five months and twenty-one days, during which time

upwards of thirty-five thousand shells were thrown into the town, not a single habitation has escaped uninjured. Whole streets are blocked up with half-demolished houses, and others are filled to the first story with fractured remnants of roofs and floors. Every door and window has been torn down and consumed for fuel, shattered arches and tottering walls still seem to menace destruction, and narrow passages through heaps of rubbish afford the only access to various parts of the town. One of the principal bazaars it would be dangerous to enter, and another, of spacious dimensions, has only been saved by an arched roof from entire destruction.

Near the magnificent mosk, built by the atrocious Jezzar, a handsome fountain, within a sort of Chinese pavilion, protected by a beautiful grating of bronze, has happily escaped. Here, a flight of steps leads into a court, surrounded by a

half-demolished cloister, resting on small columns of coloured marble. The pavement, richly variegated, had been shaded with groups of palm and plane trees, and two richly-ornamented fountains were buried beneath the fragments of handsome domes. The interior, richly lined with compartments of coloured marble, was surmounted with a spacious and lofty cupola, every where shivered and perforated. It was gaudily painted, decorated with Arabic inscriptions, and still sustained by fractured portions of a beautiful colonnade. On one side, near a gallery, stood a high pulpit of Cipolino marble, and the rich mosaic floor, cruelly mutilated, and strewed with book covers, was heaped with broken masses of porphyry and granite, among which lay an enormous bronze crescent that had fallen from the summit of the dome. Shot and shells had here made fearful havoc, the books had been carried off as a

trophy, and the court without was converted into a military station.

Two deep ditches, with massive ramparts and bastions, encircle the town, and on the glacis, but not in the most favourable positions, the assailing batteries were raised.

The wide practicable breach, through which the besiegers entered the town, was undergoing repair. It had been bravely defended, but ere the second ditch was passed the town yielded. Five thousand select troops, together with engineers, formed the garrison, which was under the command of the Kiahia Bey,—for, contrary to our previous belief, we were here *repeatedly* assured, that Abdallah, at the beginning of the siege, retired with his hareem to a secure subterraneous retreat; and during its whole course never but *once* showed himself in the town until the final assault actually commenced. Originally a Georgian slave, brought up in the seraglio, he

obtained early and distinguished promotion. Perfidious, fanatical, and selfish,—without even the redeeming quality of fidelity to his sovereign,—his government, although unmarked by glaring atrocity, was rapacious and intolerant. When threatened by his potent neighbour, for openly encouraging Egyptian emigration,—reproached with forgetfulness of former obligations, and accused of want of integrity in commercial as well as political transactions, he refused all reparation, and relying for protection on the well-known jealous apprehension of the sultan, plunged his petty state unnecessarily into all the horrors of war. His capital afterwards besieged, and from day to day reduced to a heap of ruins,—alike destitute of courage, and reckless of the misery of the suffering inhabitants,—he withdrew to his hiding-place, and relinquished the defence to his more intrepid deputy.

Of the garrison a small portion only is

said to have survived the assault, and it is believed that the last attack alone cost Ibrahim the lives of at least twelve hundred men. Gaza and Jaffa had been previously secured by the Egyptians as they entered Syria, and while the siege proceeded, they took possession of Jerusalem and seized most of the towns on the coast. At Acre, heroic valour was on both sides displayed. The town, closely blockaded by sea, had been previously well furnished with supplies. For some time the besiegers made little progress. A spirited assault was gallantly repelled, and their fleet materially damaged; while the troops of the garrison were thinned by frequent though successful sallies. Many of the inhabitants were allowed to leave the town, but numbers were crushed beneath falling houses, or fell victims to the missiles unceasingly poured upon them. At the capture a general pillage ensued, many

of the soldiers were greatly enriched, and a bazaar, established beyond the walls for the sale of plunder, exhibited in boundless profusion all the costly articles of the East.

CHAPTER VIII.

Acre taken by the Crusaders—Subversion of European Dominion in Syria—Kaifa—Convent on Mount Carmel—Hospitality and Benevolence of the Monks—Their Convent, destroyed by Abdallah, now rebuilding—Ibrahim Pasha's French Cook—Embark for Jaffa—Cesarea—Emerald Dish still preserved at Genoa—Jaffa—Proceed to Ramla—Road to Jerusalem—View of the Holy City.

THE ill-fated city of Acre, placed at the angle of a semicircular bay of twelve or thirteen miles in width, was in early times a place of commercial importance. At the partition of the Macedonian conquests, falling to the lot of Ptolemy, by whom it was repaired and enlarged, its ancient name of

Akko was changed to Ptolemais. Eventually becoming a Roman colony, Vespasian and Titus here assembled their legions for the conquest of Judea. When subsequently captured by the Mohammedans, its ancient name, which it still retains, was restored.*

The first band of crusaders, in their impetuous course, left Acre unmolested; but in 1104, Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, assisted by an Italian fleet, invested it by sea and land. Compelled after a resolute defence to submit, the Pisans and Genoese, his rapacious allies, treacherously violated the terms of capitulation, and involved the city in rapine and carnage. In the hands of the Christians it soon became flourishing and formidable, and in the course of their long sovereignty was often the scene of licentiousness, perfidy, and slaughter. Salàh-e'deen, in 1187, having diminished their

* Pronounced by the Arabs, Akkeh.

power and curtailed their possessions, Acre opened her gates to the Moslem chief. But the crusaders, two years later, animated by the assurance of aid from Europe, again assembled their forces for the recovery of the town. Filled with military stores, and defended by choice troops, Salàh-e'deen hastened to its relief. His camp was securely placed on the neighbouring heights, and continual combats thinned the ranks of the opposing hosts. The town still held out, but every effort to dislodge the assailants proved unavailing. This memorable siege was thus protracted for more than two years, at the frightful cost of two hundred thousand lives. The Christian army, although torn by feuds and dissensions, and wasted by pestilence and famine, still maintained its position, when the arrival of Philip of France, and subsequently of Richard of England, with large reinforcements, inspired them with new courage.

The work of slaughter was resumed, and the garrison, at length worn out by privation, consented to capitulate. Salàh-e'deen submitted reluctantly to the humiliating conditions imposed. The English and French, now masters of the town, refused to their allies all participation in the spoil. Disputes and contentions distracted the ill-assorted leaders. The exchange of prisoners was delayed—the promised ransom kept back,—and the stipulated time for final adjustment having been carelessly allowed by the Moslems to elapse, the *lion-hearted* Richard wreaked his vengeance upon three thousand captives, who were led into the plain, and there deliberately and savagely slaughtered.

Acre, for another century, remained a Christian possession. After the fall of Jerusalem, the warlike knights of St. John, to whom it was ceded, raised a magnificent church to their patron saint, and hence the modern appellation of St.

Jean d'Acre. During the latter crusades it was considered as the maritime capital of Syria,—and here, Prince Edward, afterwards Edward the First, landed in 1271, with a train of nobility and a thousand men, but his banner was deeply disgraced by the atrocities that marked his course. At the close of the thirteenth century, Acre alone remained to the Christians of all their Syrian possessions. Besieged, in 1291, by a Moslem force from Egypt, the usual calamities attended its final capture. Clandestinely abandoned by the titular king of Jerusalem, the heroic knights were nearly exterminated, and sixty thousand victims miserably perished. The survivors quitted the soil—the fortifications were levelled,—and thus the Latin empire in Syria was subverted, after it had dragged on a languid existence for nearly two centuries.

From long-continued desolation this town was partially restored by Fakeer e' Deen, who appre-

hensive of Turkish invasion destroyed the port. Still it gradually revived, and became, under subsequent rulers, the residence of European consuls, and a place of commercial resort. Continuing to flourish, it was embellished and strengthened by Jezzar; and here this inhuman savage, aided by an English force, stopped the victorious progress of the French. Like other commercial depôts in the Levant, its foreign intercourse has always been fettered with imposts and monopolies; but it still maintained a considerable trade until the period of its recent destruction by Ibrahim Pasha.

Many circumstances contributed to render our stay at Acre disagreeable. Provisions were obtained with difficulty. To thread the intricate mazes of the town was a somewhat hazardous enterprise—the fortifications were undergoing repair, and therefore hardly accessible; and fleas, of enormous size, swarmed in such incredible

multitudes, that during the day we were compelled continually to brush them from our clothes, and sleep during the night was effectually chased away by their incessant and voracious attacks. Thus surrounded with annoyances, we were naturally anxious to proceed on the following day, but no animals could be procured, and the governor's order for forcible seizure could be of no avail in a place destitute of inhabitants. We therefore hired a small boat, which, in the afternoon, carried us in two hours across the bay to Kaifa, the site of a considerable town destroyed during the crusades. In the harbour, which is here deeper, and more secure than at Acre, were a few small vessels at anchor. Near the sea, a wall had been recently repaired, a small fortress was furnished with a garrison, and a few pieces of cannon and piles of ball were lying on the shore. We walked through the town, which is small, unimportant, and situated a short dis-

tance from the sea. We had hoped to find a lodging at the hospice established here by the monks of Mount Carmel; but, unfortunately, the ecclesiastic who comes daily to receive strangers, had just returned to the mountain. After many ineffectual attempts to obtain accommodation for the night, our only resource was going to the convent. Asses with some difficulty were procured to transport our baggage, but were unsupplied with bridles or saddles; we therefore purchased cords in the bazaar, and the drivers commenced their preparations. Such, however, was their awkwardness, that at every moment some of our packages fell to the ground. Contentions and quarrels arose, a crowd collected round, and the baggage was finally deposited in the street by the muleteers, who made the lateness of the hour a plea for refusing to proceed. It then became necessary to request the interference of the military

commander, one of whose attendants speedily compelled the deserters to resume their duty. He then appointed others to support the baggage with their hands, and conducted us outside the gate. Our guides soon forgot their ill-humour,—the night was dark, and the road precipitous; but, chatting and singing with their wonted cheerfulness, they brought us, in little more than an hour, safely to the convent. The monks were performing their evening service. That concluded, we were readily admitted, and hospitable attention with willing alacrity shown.

The Carmelite convent, situated on a lofty promontory overlooking the sea, commands on every side magnificent prospects. This monastic order took its origin from the early resort of pious recluses to a place that had given shelter of old to the prophets Elijah and Elisha. Some of the fraternity accompanied St. Louis on his return from Syria to France, and others

had previously formed an establishment in Italy. The structure now rebuilding is on the site of an ancient edifice, although no palatable water exists within a mile and a half of the spot. A superior and three monks, the former a sensible, kind-hearted Neapolitan, inhabit the part already finished. They are cheerful and social, take little interest in the affairs of the world, and devote their whole attention to the duties of religion, benevolence, and hospitality, all of which they consider as specially belonging to their order. One of them, a native of Malta, and for upwards of thirty years a member of the community, has never failed, amidst all the late vicissitudes, to attend daily the hospice at Kaifa, purposely to receive strangers, and to succour such as might require aid. Nor did he desert his post even during the severe persecution which was raised by Moslem animosity in the course of the Greek revolution.

The requisite funds for the building have been hitherto raised by the personal exertions of one of the brotherhood,* an able architect, ap-

* This exemplary man, Fra Giovanni Battista, whose intellect and knowledge are both of a superior cast, and who has successfully trained native builders to execute his designs, has traversed a great part of Europe and the East to collect funds for the building. He distributes the following appeal in French, Italian, and Greek.

"The convent and church of Mount Carmel in Syria are universally known to the Christian world. These sacred monuments were so completely destroyed in 1821, that the cave of the prophet Elijah alone remained. The bare footed Carmelites, (Carmes déchaussés,) the appointed guardians of the place, obtained permission, in 1827, to re-edify the structure. Charitable assistance from Europe has enabled them to make some progress in the work, but in order to complete it they are compelled again to appeal to the benevolence of the faithful.

"The establishment on Mount Carmel is not only entitled to interest from its religious associations, but also from its great utility to the numerous mariners

pointed by the papal government to plan and superintend the building. The whole fabric is of stone, and when completed will possess the solidity of a fortress. The first story only is at present finished, and hereafter will be solely appropriated to the accommodation of travellers, when another, to be raised above, will be exclusively devoted to permanent inmates. In the centre a spacious church has been commenced, and already promises to be a fine building. It will be handsomely decorated with pilasters and columns, crowned with a dome, and dedicated to the Virgin of Mount Carmel. The

and travellers who arrive at Kaifa. The Carmelite in attendance at that town, where no European agent resides, is always ready to afford them assistance, and is specially charged to conduct them to the convent, whose doors are never closed to the stranger.

"The names of contributors will be inscribed in the church, and they will participate in the daily prayers of the community for their benefactors."

principal altar will be placed over the cave so long held sacred as the retreat of the prophet. This natural cavern, exhibits at its furthest extremity some signs of having been enlarged by art. When the edifice above is complete, it will be converted into a chapel; and a projecting ledge of rock, believed to have been the sleeping-place of the prophet, will then be the altar. The building, already three years in progress, will require at least as many more for its completion. In the early part of the Greek revolution, Abdallah Pasha accused the Carmelites of affording refuge to that persecuted race. Upon this pretext, he not only razed their convent to the ground, but blew up the foundations, and carried the materials to Acre for his own use. A neighbouring Greek convent shared a similar fate, upon the site of which Abdallah built a small villa where he occasionally retired; but this, from its

healthy situation was afterwards used as a military hospital.

The superior himself kindly conducted me to see one of the celebrated caves which every where abound in the district of Mount Carmel. Descending two-thirds of the mountain by a narrow path scooped in the rock, we entered an inclosure of fig-trees and vines, where several caverns, that of old belonged to the Carmelites, are now inhabited by a Mohammedan saint and his numerous progeny. We first entered a lofty excavation, of beautiful proportions,* at least fifty feet long, with a large recess on one side,—every part chiselled with the nicest care, and inscribed with numerous Greek initials, names, and sentences. Here Elijah is believed to have taught his disciples, and hence its name "the School of the Prophets." Some smaller adjoining

* Perhaps the seat of the oracle consulted by Vespasian on Mount Carmel.

caverns, fronted with masonry, now form the residence of the saint and his family. A deep cistern for the preservation of water has been hewn in the rock, and the entrance is closed by a gate, shaded inside with a pergola of vines.

The memory of Elijah is equally venerated by Christians and Moslems; and the votaries of each faith are liberally allowed access to the several caves. At the time of our visit the general appearance of Mount Carmel was dry and sterile; but the superior assured us, that in spring it was clothed with verdure and beauty, and would then amply repay the researches of the botanist.

Here we were again subjected to great inconvenience by the report every where circulated that the Turkish fleet was approaching the Syrian coast. Horses, mules, camels, were sought in vain in all the neighbouring villages. Two days we were detained by promises that were never fulfilled, and on the third were

obliged to descend to Kaifa, and proceed to Jaffa by sea. This interval gave me an opportunity of visiting what is absurdly called the "Garden of Melons." Escorted by two armed attendants, I traversed the coast on foot until I reached a deep ravine, where a fine stream, bursting forth near an inclosure of melons and fig trees, is called the prophet's spring, and is supposed to mark the site of one of the places of his occasional abode. Ascending the ravine I passed some ancient massive foundations, and soon afterwards gained the summit. This spot, as legends relate, was once a garden teeming with fruit; and here Elijah, refused by the surly proprietor permission to partake, invoked in his anger a curse upon the domain. It instantly became barren, and its whole produce was changed into stone. The soil abounds with calcareous nodules of various sizes and shapes, and as, when broken, they exhibit masses of crys-

tallized quartz, they have been made the foundation of the legendary tale, which, strange to say, passes current even at the convent.

During the two days we spent at Mount Carmel the civil and unremitting attention of the fathers could no where be exceeded. Hospitality they regard as one of their peculiar duties, and perform it most faithfully.

At this convent we found a young Parisian, the principal cook of Ibrahim Pasha, who having suffered from recent illness, had been sent for the recovery of his health to this salubrious spot. He assured us that before his illustrious patron took the field, he had regularly adopted the European mode of sitting at table, and that no Frenchman could enjoy a well-served dinner, or Englishman a glass of wine, with more zest.

At two o'clock on the 31st of July, we embarked at Kaifa, having arranged with the rais,

or captain, of a small vessel to sail with us immediately. She lay far from shore, and once on board we were doubtless considered to be secured. For two tedious hours we waited the arrival of the rais, and then, our patience exhausted, insisted on quitting the vessel, and seeking another conveyance. On rowing to the shore we met this important personage, who had probably observed our movements. After much persuasion we were induced to return, and attempted to get out of the bay, but not succeeding, we put back, to our great vexation, at sunset, and anchored for the night.

The next morning the wind was still adverse, so that it was noon before we were able to clear the point. But that difficulty overcome, we stretched away with full sails, and passing a projecting fortification, with ruined walls and towers, called Athlete, in the evening we saw Cesarea, situated close upon the sea. Had time

permitted, we would gladly have explored the place so splendidly embellished by Herod, and the scene of St. Paul's memorable speeches to Felix and to Agrippa. This town, captured by the Moslems in 635, was retaken by Baldwin the First in 1101. His Genoese allies, in their share of the plunder, then secured the celebrated green vase, since considered as a sacred relic, and still venerated at Genoa, under the name of the Emerald dish.*

* This dish is doubtless a curious specimen of ancient art, and probably of a similar composition to the body of the Portland vase. I know nothing of the assumed evidence upon which its legendary history is founded, but it has been gravely recorded that it is formed of a single emerald, and was *presented to Solomon by the queen of Sheba.* Preserved, amidst subsequent national calamities, by I know not what miracle, it is affirmed to have been used by our Saviour at the celebration of the last supper, and, in the possession of Joseph of Arimathea, is believed to have received some portion of the blood shed at the cruci-

About midnight we anchored before Jaffa, and discovered at sunrise that we were lying a mile from the shore, on the outside of a ridge of rocks, over which breakers were rolling with tremendous fury. The appearance of the town,

fixion. When triumphantly brought to Europe it speedily acquired great celebrity, and under the name of the *Sancgreall* is introduced into the romance of "King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table," written in the reign of Edward IV. There, in the custody of angels, it performs miraculous cures, and its rare qualities are explained by Sir Pelles, who declares himself to be "nigh cousin to Joseph of Arimathy." Until the French invasion of Italy this precious dish was constantly and carefully preserved in the church of St. Lawrence, at Genoa, and its emerald formation universally believed. In 1809 it was taken to Paris, where it was speedily discovered to be a mere composition. Restored broken, in 1815, it was repaired, re-invested with its sacred character, and again deposited in the same church, where it can only be seen in the presence of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, to whom separate keys of the casket that contains it are confided.

covering a small conical eminence, with buildings rising gradually above each other, is highly picturesque. Weary of our comfortless situation, we disembarked at day-break, and passing in a small boat with some trepidation through the raging surf, we safely reached the shore. Our endeavours to obtain accommodation at the Frank convent were unsuccessful, as rumours of plague still kept the monks in quarantine; but at the house of the English consul we were kindly and hospitably received. The residence of this worthy functionary, to whom no stipend is allowed, but whose remuneration arises from consular privileges and protection, is a low, ruinous structure, on the margin of the beach, and is asserted to cover the spot once occupied by the house of Simon the tanner.

Several remarkable events are referred to Jaffa, as well by tradition and mythology, as by authentic history. Here Noah is said to have

constructed the ark, a supposition, perhaps, engrafted on the subsequent nautical skill possessed by the Phœnicians, and here Pliny has laid the scene of the classical legend of Perseus and Andromeda. The marks of the chain that fastened the devoted victim to the rock were said to be long visible, and the bones of the sea-monster (probably fossil remains) were taken to Rome by Scaurus when prefect of Syria. In the time of Solomon it was an important port, and from hence Jonah commenced his memorable voyage, when he attempted to elude the divine command. Becoming afterwards the haunt of pirates, Vespasian erected a fortress to check their incursions. At the time of the first crusade it seems to have been a place of little importance, but afterwards fortified by Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, it continued for the most part in the hands of the Christians. Salàh-e'deen, however, in the absence of his British antagonist,

succeeded in surprising the town, but Richard unexpectedly arrived by sea from Acre, and dispossessed the assailants at the moment of victory.

Gardens, melon grounds, and extensive cultivation, rendered it one of the pleasantest towns on the coast at the early part of the last century, when it was devastated by the civil contentions of rival chiefs. In 1799 it was taken by Napoleon, and, as if to emulate the cruelty perpetrated at Acre by Cœur de Lion, here also a numerous body of prisoners were inhumanly massacred, and, as atrocity knows no bounds, when the ordinary feelings of humanity have once been outraged, unsuspecting victims, although companions in arms, are said to have been poisoned.

Several conventual establishments have long existed at Jaffa for the reception of pilgrims. One, large, substantial, and lately rebuilt, is oc-

cupied by Spanish monks, and believed to cover the site of the house where Dorcas was raised to life. Of another, possessed by the Greeks, we saw only the church, which is small and dirty.

Jaffa is surrounded with walls and towers, and the base of the little promontory on which it is situated dips into the sea. The streets are steep, narrow, and unpaved—the houses for the most part of two stories—many of them covered with a sort of pavilion roof, but all tottering and out of repair. Near the gate which leads to Ramla is an open space with a plentiful fountain, where the ditch is wide, and the adjoining fortifications have the appearance of strength.

Anxious to pursue our journey, we easily obtained mules, and the same evening proceeded to Ramla, the Arimathea of sacred writ, little more than three hours distant. Immediately beyond

the town we passed a district of fertile gardens, impenetrably fenced with Indian figs, and thickly planted with fruit-trees and melons. We next entered the fine alluvial plain of Sharon, naturally fertile, but little cultivated, in the midst of which is a village with a grove of olive trees, near a capacious reservoir. As we approached Ramla, we remarked to the right a lofty tower, evidently a Christian relic, and commonly called the tower of the martyrs.

The crusaders, when they advanced along the coast, leaving Jaffa to the left, marched direct from Acre to Lydda, and thence to Ramla. The inhabitants abandoning their defenceless town, the crusaders found a welcome supply of provisions, remained three days, celebrated one of the festivals of the church, and consecrated the first Latin bishop, investing him with a see that included both Ramla and Lydda.

An incident, honourable to human nature,

which distinguished this place in 1101, still throws a degree of interest round its mouldering walls. The king of Jerusalem having incautiously attacked a large Moslem force with a mere handful of men, made good his retreat, and took shelter in the fortress of Ramla. Here, during the night, a chief of the advancing troop secretly informed him that the place would be attacked on the morrow by an overwhelming force, and urged him to secure by flight his personal safety. The king in a foray beyond the Jordan, had previously captured the wife and retinue of this magnanimous chief. But the Christian warrior's progress was arrested by the agony of his terrified captive, and his commiseration excited by her giving birth to an infant. With true chivalrous feeling he directed every practicable arrangement to be made for her safety. Her attendants were liberated, food and water carefully supplied, and Baldwin,

throwing his own mantle over her for protection, left two milch camels for the infant, and advanced with his troops. The grateful husband had vowed to recompense this rare act of humanity, and now, risking his life to apprise the king of his danger, never quitted him till he had passed the bounds of the hostile encampment. The next morning Ramla was successfully assaulted, and of the companions of the king, many perished, and others became captives.

In 1176 the town, of considerable size, but never a place of strength, was burnt by Salàh-e'deen, and still later its half-repaired ruins were successively occupied, during their various contests, by Richard and his Moslem foe. Fragments of walls, rows of arches, and broken cisterns in every direction, prove the original importance of the place. Fields and orchards are every where scattered round it, the palm

occasionally mingling its graceful branches with other fruit-trees. The usual place of reception for travellers is a convent, founded in the 15th century by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and now tenanted by Spanish monks. Into this, however, we had been previously informed that a rigid quarantine would prevent our admission, but the fathers willingly showed me their church, an unpretending edifice which is affirmed to occupy the spot once covered by the house of Joseph of Arimathea, supposed to be a native of this town. Fortunately the Sardinian consul at Jaffa, who occasionally resides here, kindly received us, and gave us accommodation for the night.

At day-break we quitted Ramla, and set forth with highly raised expectations towards Jerusalem, a journey of nine hours. Our course for some time lay through a level plain, affording neither water nor shade. The heat was insupportable,

all looked parched and dry, but wild artichokes, fennel, and variegated thistles, every where lined the road. We soon skirted a village on a small eminence, and observed to the left, on a distant hill, a ruin resembling a baronial castle.

At the end of four hours we approached a lofty mountain ridge, partially clothed with underwood, but more frequently presenting bare rocky declivities. We next ascended a steep craggy ravine, evidently in winter a watercourse, —savage and desolate,—with a few stunted trees scattered among the crevices. Here we might have been successfully attacked, without hope of rescue, had not the vigorous measures of the new government already secured the traveller, as well from casual plunder, as from arbitrary extortion. The notorious Aboogosh is no longer allowed to levy contributions, nor indeed did we meet with either interruption

or demand in our whole journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

After winding for two hours through dreary and difficult mountain passes, we reached a tank of water, where we reposed for an hour in a grove of olive-trees. At our departure we had some difficulty in passing a little knot of travellers, probably on their return from the holy city. At the head of the file was an Arab sais, or groom, preceding a middle-aged man on horseback, whose blue turban and friendly salutation proved him to be a Christian. Next came a stout mule led by an attendant, with a square cage-like pannier slung on each side, shaded and lined with shawls, each containing a female and one or two children, of whom we caught a glimpse as they peeped at us beneath their hangings. Behind came a donkey with baggage, a boy perched on the top, and escorted by Arabs on foot. A little beyond

we passed a well-built village on the slope of a wooded and cultivated valley, remarkable as being the residence of the well-known Aboogosh. Near the road, opposite a ruined church, sat the robber chief beneath a group of trees, surrounded by attendants, with a small fire, and coffee ready prepared. He courteously invited us to stop and partake, but having no desire to make the acquaintance of an ill-looking brigand, we civilly thanked him, and went on. Far to the right on the mountains is a castellated building, the reputed seat of the warlike Maccabees, which, in the possession of Aboogosh, has become the secure deposit of his ill-gotten hoards.

On taking possession of Palestine, Ibrahim abolished at once the tribute that from time immemorial had been levied on travellers. To this regulation Aboogosh evinced a natural reluctance to submit, but was informed that, on

the slightest infraction, his mountain fortress would be invested, and the forfeiture of his accumulated treasure be the penalty of disobedience.

Our road continued to wind laboriously through this hilly region, sometimes intersected by valleys, with now and then a solitary cabin, surrounded by small plantations of vines, olive and fig trees. Occasionally we saw a village, and remarked that the sides of the hills frequently exhibited the remains of terraces to their very summits, as if they had once been industriously cultivated. Near some Roman remains was a little stagnant water in a broken cistern; and still further a small spring issuing from the bank, by the side of a rough mountain road, carefully secured with masonry, afforded acceptable relief, both to men and animals. A rugged valley, which we afterwards passed, is considered to be the place where

David encountered the gigantic Philistine, and a rivulet still creeping through an encumbered channel, supplied the stone with which he silenced the contemptuous defiance of his boasting adversary.

In the course of a tedious and wearisome ascent, sinking under the fatigue of almost impracticable roads, our faces scorched, and our ankles blistered by the sun, we met some straggling Arabs, who told us that although the plague had almost depopulated Bethlehem, Jerusalem was still free. Our long-cherished hopes of visiting the former place were thus dissipated, but amidst the regret which this disappointment occasioned, we reached the top of the difficult ascent, and soon afterwards, scarcely aware of our near approach, the holy city burst upon our sight.

CHAPTER IX.

Dreary Prospect round Jerusalem—Hospice of the Franciscans—Desolate state of the Holy City—Church of the Holy Sepulchre and of Mount Calvary—Grotto in which the three Crosses were found by the Empress Helena—Mount Zion—The Armenian Convent—The *Via Dolorosa*—Mount Moriah—Valley of Jehosaphat—Mount of Olives—Bethany—The Tombs of the Kings.

At length our fervent wishes were accomplished.—Jerusalem, the object of our toilsome pilgrimage, was before us,—but the discordant sight of battlements, minarets, and domes, produced a feeling of painful intensity,

and an involuntary shudder. A thousand early associations, "bursting their cerements," seemed to start into new life. On this favoured spot patriarchs and prophets had dwelt, and here the perfect pattern of boundless commiseration —of pure beneficence—the glorious example of patient endurance, of superhuman submission, had been displayed by the meek and lowly Saviour of mankind. Beneath these walls, where Solomon had reigned in all his glory, contending hosts had often met in deadly conflict—all had again and again been involved in indiscriminate destruction—the rose of Sharon and the lily of the field had been alike trodden down. Jerusalem, that had once "crowned the mountains like a diadem," was now stretched at our feet—widowed—disconsolate —mourning in sackcloth and ashes. Her borders naked and solitary—a few miserable huts and Mohammedan tombs only visible in the distance—

the whole surface around parched and stony—with scarcely a tree or a blade of grass to relieve the dazzling dryness of the waste. The sources of fruitfulness seemed to have shrunk beneath the withering influence of neglect—the germs of fertility to have been blighted by a desolating blast. Scattered tufts of foliage and verdure on the Mount of Olives, alone gave hope that sentence of barrenness had not been irrevocably passed upon a devoted land.

Another half-hour brought us to the Jaffa gate, where an Egyptian guard offering no impediment to our entrance, we turned to the left, and dismounted (August 3rd) at the hospice belonging to the Italian monks. Some difficulty, I know not what, being made to our admission, we were conducted to the monastery a few paces beyond. Passing a vaulted portal like that of a fortress, we were ushered into a small court overlooked by a stone gallery, in which the su-

perior soon made his appearance. He, at first hesitated, and expressed surprise that we were unprovided with letters, but he afterwards explained that the continuance of plague enforced the necessity of rigid quarantine, and finally accorded us admission to the hospice. To this asylum, called Casa Nuova, we gladly returned, overpowered by the heat and fatigue we had endured.

Admitted to a neglected court, surrounded by mean buildings, we remarked on one side a small chapel, near a dismal repulsive room, in which twenty or thirty native boys were learning Arabic lessons. On the other side was a staircase leading to three or four comfortless apartments, where we were received by one of the brotherhood, who resides in the hospice to perform religious service, and to superintend the arrangements required by the inmates.

This edifice, built about the middle of the

last century to accommodate pilgrims, is thronged at Easter with Syrian Catholics, but now contained only two strangers, both of them French, one collecting specimens of natural history, the other on a pilgrimage to the various sacred stations in the East. Two dreary rooms were assigned us. The largest, with a coved ceiling, and by far the best in the establishment, was furnished with a high stool and a small moveable platform, intended for the traveller's mattress, for in the East beds are never provided. A thick rough plank, supported by four rude legs, the whole presenting the unwieldly and uncouth form of a chopping block, did the duty of a table, while a solitary high-backed chair, that required the strength of two persons to lift, might, from its form and size, have served the heroes of the crusades. This I was assured had been the only apartment of the late queen Caroline during her

stay in the holy city, and there still remains a clumsy frame-work of wood, then constructed to admit hangings to be placed before the part where she slept. The other rooms offered no accommodation beyond the stool and platform.

On the following morning I was so much indisposed as to be unable to leave my bed. I had felt the chilling effect of damp when sleeping on deck during the last night of our voyage from Acre, and suffered so much in the latter part of our journey from Ramla, that I was only enabled to proceed by keeping my head constantly wrapped in a cloth dipped in cold water. This attack, which now assumed the character of the regular autumnal epidemic of the country, harrassed me with some intermission for several weeks.* I was consequently incapable of visiting

* It may, perhaps, not be altogether useless to remark that this species of chronic dysentery, resists the usual *heroic* mode of treatment, and is little benefited

the Jordan and Dead Sea with my companion, and compelled to relinquish the project we had formed, of crossing the desert to Alexandria together. My stay was thus necessarily prolonged at Jerusalem, and I subsequently adopted the easier course of crossing from Jaffa to Damietta by sea.

After the departure of my companion, my two French neighbours, during my illness, were unremitting in their attentions. The aid of a barber was called in to apply leeches, and I had

by large doses of calomel and opium. Like Egyptian ophthalmia, it originates in checked perspiration, hence the danger of exposure to damp during the night. In the East the use of the long sash is quite as necessary as warm covering for the feet in Europe. The simple and efficacious treatment of the country is topical bleeding, strict adherence to a simple mucilaginous regimen, rice-water, or marsh-mallow decoction with gum for drink, and frequent but small doses of opium.

recourse, with much benefit, to the occasional use of the Turkish bath. The monk who had the care of the hospice likewise made me a daily visit. On one of these occasions, impelled, perhaps, by some gloomy anticipation, I casually inquired, where Protestants were buried if they happened to die at Jerusalem. He begged me to make myself easy on that point, as Mount Zion was the regular burial-place of all Christians; assuring me, that 'an American had made a most happy end in the convent a year or two before, renouncing his errors, and re-entering the bosom of the church. A stone, he said, had been placed over his grave, with an explanatory inscription, which he hoped I might soon be able to visit, heartily wishing that all who were in like error might speedily return to the fold.

As my convalescence advanced, I was enabled by degrees to explore the town and its more

immediate vicinity. Jerusalem is peculiarly situated on a species of promontory, nearly encircled by higher eminences. This terminates on the east in the craggy valley of Jehosaphat, through which runs the brook Kedron, and is bounded on the south and west by the valley of Hinnom, while to the north it stretches away in an uneven plain over which the ancient city probably extended. Immediately beyond the ravine rise the other elevations—that of the Mount of Olives, with its three summits, a few clusters of trees, and its highest point crowned with a building, commands a fine prospect of the whole city.

Like other Turkish towns, the survey of the interior disappoints the expectations excited by its external appearance. The streets are narrow and uneven. Irregularly placed houses, with diminutive doors, and now and then a projecting upper window, are badly

built, and from the scarcity and dearness of timber are usually covered with rude, bee-hive-shaped roofs. In some directions are detached heaps of ruins, and in others are enclosures fenced with the prickly Indian fig Towards the Jews' quarter some extensive ranges of walls and arches, the remains of the spacious hospital of the Knights of Malta, are still considered by the Hebrew inhabitants as English property. A few stragglers only are seen wandering in the streets—the bazaars are miserably furnished—one of them, arched and dark, is falling fast to ruin.

The trade of the town is confined to chaplets, crosses, carved shells, models of the sacred places, and mother-of-pearl receptacles for holy water, which, sanctified in the sepulchre, are eagerly sought for, and widely distributed through Catholic Europe. So low, however, is the state of art, that one individual only, an in-

genious and intelligent Jew, can engrave the seal rings so generally worn in the East, while a few native Christians carve rudely in mother-of-pearl, or tattoo the arms of pilgrims, with sacred symbols. Of bread and meat there is no lack, but of the latter little variety. Fruit and vegetables are sparingly supplied, although on Fridays the neighbouring peasants hold a kind of market—those of the Moslem faith assembling for devotion, as well as to dispose of their scanty produce.

Jerusalem has so long been an object of religious interest to travellers, and has consequently been so often and minutely described, that to avoid wearisome repetition, I shall advert only to sites and circumstances that either claim attention from their direct connexion with the sacred records, or from being associated with other interesting historical recollections. A careful examination of localities, as well

as extensive literary research, would be required either to invalidate or establish the identity of spots which for ages have been objects of devout veneration, nor do I feel any disposition to enter largely into the legendary embellishments of superstitious credulity. Jerusalem we know has been the scene of some of the most important events that distinguish the history of mankind. From a territory of inconsiderable extent, from a people often conquered, long held in slavish vassallage, and by their oppressors lightly esteemed, have emanated impressions and influences that, after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, still command the reverence of a large portion of the civilized world. The wonderful events which have been here witnessed, may have taken place either within the city, or beyond the walls—to the east, or to the west; but in contemplating the Mount of Olives, that landmark of ages long

passed away—the valley of Jehosaphat winding at its base, wild, rugged, and forbidding as in days of yore, and the fount of Siloam still gushing forth at the foot of Mount Zion—the traveller,—recognising with satisfaction these unchangeable features,—forgets the uncertainty with which conflicting opinions have shrouded other objects, and is absorbed by the exalted feelings which the sight of the Holy City, even in decrepitude and decay, cannot fail to inspire.

Who can witness, and not deplore, the long reign of ignorance and superstition—the lamentable absence of the genuine spirit of Christianity, in the place where its benign and elevating precepts were first taught. The present aspect, however, of the East, the relaxation of the ancient enmities which have heretofore mutually exasperated the professors of opposing creeds, the universal tolerance so liberally granted, and the easy access so freely allowed

to places that once could only be visited with difficulty and danger, hold out a cheering hope that the beams of truth may ere long irradiate this benighted land;—and who can repress the fervent wish that the dawn of political amelioration, so happily commenced, may brighten into the splendour of moral and intellectual day; — that the scattered families of mankind may be united in the sacred bonds of brotherhood—that henceforth their energies, directed to noble aims and exalted views, may lead to the wide diffusion of civilisation and knowledge—to the purification of the polluted sources of error—to the enlargement of the boundaries of human happiness?

During my stay I had several opportunities of visiting the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is only open to the public on stated occasions, although there is a private access from the Latin convent for the use of the monks. Si-

tuated in the midst of the town, it is approached from the hospice by a sharp descent, which, lined at the bottom with stalls and shops of beads and relics, leads to a small paved court, where a heavy building, with some remains of columns in front that once formed a portico, is flanked by a ruined belfry.

This edifice, of enormous dimensions, massive, and without the slightest claim to architectural elegance, is surmounted by two lofty domes, and believed to include, not only the Holy Sepulchre, and Mount Calvary, but also the place where our Saviour appeared in the garden—where he was scourged—where the soldiers divided his garments—the stone on which his body was wrapped in spices—the cave in which the three crosses were discovered—the sepulchre of Melchizedec, and the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. It likewise encloses separate places of worship for several denomina-

tions of Christians, and numerous cells for devotees, many of whom confine themselves for longer or shorter periods within the sacred walls, receiving their food through a small aperture in the door.

The entrance, originally handsome, and ornamented with clustered pillars, consisted of two gothic doorways, one of which has been walled up. Square bas reliefs placed over each, now much defaced, represent the offering of the wise men, and Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The key of the door is in the custody of the governor of the town, and under the old administration produced a large revenue from the sums levied on all who entered, but this, and similar imposts are now discontinued by the Egyptian government. For strangers, or others desirous to visit the Sepulchre, the key is readily obtained from the governor, whose messengers patiently wait on a divan near the door, regaling themselves

with pipes, coffee, or chess, and thankfully accepting any voluntary gratuity that may be given on coming out.

The interior of the church is dark, gloomy, and little imposing. Near the entrance, surrounded by a balustrade, and illuminated with lamps and tapers, is "the stone of anointing," upon which the body of our Saviour is believed to have been prepared for burial. Immediately beyond, a spacious dome, with a circular opening above, is supported by plain square pilasters, terminating in arches, that sustain two rows of arched apertures, probably intended to admit light; galleries or cells within, the whole distinguished by a total absence of architectural taste.

In the centre a small oblong marble edifice, divided into two dimutive apartments, is circular at one end, which is covered with a cupola supported by slender columns,

—the whole elevated above the pavement of the church, with two or three steps leading to a platform and parapet in front, where all who enter leave their shoes. A small ante-room, in which is an irregularly-shaped block of marble said to be the stone rolled away by the angels,* communicates by a low door with what may be considered as the interior of the sepulchre. The tomb itself, however, is not in sight, for the rock having heretofore been cut away around it, the cavity that may once have contained the body is covered with white marble, resembling in height and form a simple, undecorated, altar-tomb, and the rest of the apartment is lined with slabs of the same material. It is orna-

* This is reported to be a modern substitute for the real stone, long since stolen by the Armenians, and still shown in their church on Mount Zion.

mented with pictures, and lighted by the perpetual glare of silver lamps suspended from the ceiling.

At a short distance to the right, a staircase of about twenty steps leads to Mount Calvary, now the chapel of the crucifixion, separated by an arch into two divisions, richly adorned with coloured marbles, and supplied with altars, pictures, and tapers. On one side, the cavities in which the three crosses were originally fixed, are affirmed still to exist, although cased with marble,—a large aperture indicating the situation of that in the centre. At no great distance a grating covers the fissure, which is traditionally reported to have been formed when "the rocks were rent, and the graves opened." In a chapel below, a continuation of the same fissure is shown; but so inconsiderable in width, and so often touched by pious fingers, that the original surface of the crack has more

the semblance of having been slowly wrought by art than produced by sudden fracture.

In a chapel in the opposite direction the places are pointed out where our Saviour appeared to his mother, and where he was mistaken for the gardener by Mary Magdalene. Altars have also been raised on the spots distinguished by the scourging, the parting of the garments, and other minor circumstances connected with the crucifixion. The nave of the building, in the possession of the Greeks, is gaudily ornamented, and a mark in the floor is gravely affirmed to be the centre of the earth. On one side is the chapel of the Latins, closed to strangers, on account of the quarantine. I was told that it contains an organ, and that religious services continually succeed each other. The Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, &c., have separate chapels, but of less extent.

The burial-places of Godfrey and of Baldwin,

the two first Latin kings of Jerusalem, are still pointed out at the entrance of one of the chapels, but I saw no memorials of their successors, who were deposited in the same church. At the extremity of the cloister is a deeply-excavated grotto, in which Helena, the mother of Constantine, believe . that her credulous ardour was at length rewarded by finding the three crosses.

This pious Empress, probably impelled by the reverence which the early Christians, in common with their pagan ancestors, attached to places hallowed by religious associations, travelled at an advanced age, in the beginning of the fourth century, (A. D. 326,) into Palestine, for the purpose of exploring and ascertaining sacred sites. From the expulsion of the Jews by Adrian, Christians had congregated at Jerusalem, and in the time of Constantine the deserts began to be filled with

ascetics—social duties were too often neglected—public responsibilities relinquished, and mistaken zealots endeavoured to secure future happiness by embittering their lives with useless austerities and irrational deprivations. Much traditional information may have been preserved by the solitary occupants of places distinguished as the scenes of remarkable events, but amidst the credulity and enthusiasm of so numerous a body, consisting of persons of all classes and descriptions, it would be unreasonable to expect that hypocrisy and imposture were totally excluded. Helena, in pursuance of the object of her journey, although assisted by Christians and Jews, is said to have ascertained with difficulty the situation of Calvary. A temple that had been erected to Venus was demolished, excavations made, and the Holy Sepulchre believed to be discovered. By what miraculous revelation she became aware of the

existence of the cross, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, we are not told, but its place of concealment was at length extorted from a Jew, researches were industriously continued, the earth exhaled delicious odours, the empress was summoned, and in the deep cavern still shown at the base of Calvary, the three crosses, the nails, and the inscription which had been placed over that of our Saviour were at length exposed to view!

To decide which was the true cross, Macarius, bishop of Jerusalem, proposed a trial of their efficacy in healing the sick. The experiment succeeded, a woman of distinction was restored to health, and the identity of the relic incontrovertibly established. A portion of the wood, conveyed to Rome, was deposited, with the title and nails, in a church erected to receive them, and the remainder, enclosed in a silver shrine, was left at Jerusalem, in the church of

the Holy Sepulchre, where it continued in the custody of successive prelates until the invasion of Khosroo, (A. D. 614.) At the pillage of the city, this venerated relic was seized and carried, with other spoils, to Persia, but recovered fourteen years later by Heraclius, it was brought in triumph to Jerusalem, and deposited in the re-edified church—the Emperor making his entry by the Golden Gate of the temple, as our Saviour had previously done, amidst the hosannahs of the assembled multitude. Removed at the Moslem invasion for security to Constantinople, it was afterwards secretly conveyed to Jerusalem, where it remained in concealment until the city was taken by Godfrey. Although frequently divided and distributed, its size was believed to remain miraculously undiminished. Richly mounted in gold, and set with jewels, it was committed to the special care of a prelate, and accompanied

the army in all important expeditions. In 1187, at the disastrous battle of Tiberias, it fell into the hands of Salàh-e'deen, who at the same time captured Guy, king of Jerusalem, and afterwards obtained possession of the holy city.

At the surrender of Acre, to the united forces of England and France, the restitution of the cross was one of the articles of capitulation, but as these were never fulfilled, Salàh-e'deen, exasperated by the massacre of the garrison, vowed never to relinquish this eagerly-sought object of superstitious devotion. Its subsequent history is involved in uncertainty. The magnanimous Moslem, after the recovery of Jerusalem, when he permitted the bishop of Salisbury to visit the holy places, gratified him with the sight of the honoured relic.

On the cessation of hostilities, it was again taken to Damascus, where the captor is asserted to have refused it to the solicitations of the Greek

Emperor, and to have rejected an enormous ransom offered by the king of Georgia. The son of Salàh-e'deen is said by some to have given it up to the former, and by others to have presented it to the khalif of Bagdad, while it is affirmed on evidence not less equivocal to have been restored to the Christians in a subsequent crusade. Its popularity, however, passing away with the dark ages, it lost its hold upon the veneration of mankind.

The researches of the Empress Helena, not only extended through Palestine and Syria, but included Mount Sinai, and by her direction upwards of two hundred churches and monasteries were founded. The building constructed over the Holy Sepulchre suffered severely, or was perhaps demolished at the Persian invasion. Khosroo, a zealous worshipper of the Sun, dismantled and destroyed the churches, banished the monks, and refused to treat with the Greek

emperor, unless he adopted the usages of paganism.

At the taking of Jerusalem by Omar, places of religious resort were unmolested, but Haakem, the fanatical khalif of Egypt, who visited the holy city in 1011, razed the church of the Sepulchre to its foundations, destroyed the tomb, and suppressed monastic institutions. Among his innumerable caprices, he afterwards gave permission for the restoration of the church, which was completed in 1048, chiefly by contributions from Constantinople. This edifice probably subsisted, occasionally subject to outrage and injury, till 1808, when the intrigues and animosities, that from time immemorial have existed among the Christians of the East, led to its being set on fire by the Armenians for the purpose of obtaining permission to rebuild their contracted and dilapidated chapel. The great injury it sustained was afterwards repaired principally at the ex-

pense of the members of the Greek communion, who then appropriated to themselves the largest portion of the church, although the chapel of the Sepulchre is open to Christians of all denominations.

The dragoman of the Franciscans, who speaks both Italian and French, in our various walks through the city, pointed out at every step the the scene of some memorable event, or related some marvellous and miraculous tale. In a small field, between the hospice and the Jaffa Gate, he assured me that a square tank, half filled with stagnant water, was the fountain of Bathsheba, and that a miserable house on the opposite side had been the residence of David. A little beyond we examined the tower of the Pisans, evidently a construction of the time of the crusades, raised on a Roman foundation of excellent rusticated masonry.

Passing the Jaffa Gate, and continuing our

way outside the walls, we ascended Mount Zion, now the Christian cemetery, where the various professors of the same faith, however virulent their previous hatred, rest quietly together. This hill, so often referred to in Scripture, is no longer within the boundaries of the city. A large building, once a church, and now a religious Moslem establishment, is reputed to cover the tombs of David and Solomon, as well as to contain the chamber where the last supper was celebrated, but I know of neither traditional nor historical evidence to countenance a combination so improbable, nor can it be supposed that such monuments escaped the destruction of Titus. The Latin fathers once possessed it, but dislodged about the middle of the sixteenth century, Turkish intolerance has since confined them to their present establishment. In a small Armenian church, called the house of Caiaphas, to which our Saviour was led after Judas had be-

trayed him, and where he was denied by Peter, the stone rolled from the Sepulchre, is still held in pious reverence, although originally obtained by fraud or theft.

From hence, entering by another gate, we visited the Armenian convent, a large building capable of accommodating a vast crowd of pilgrims, with an extensive garden, now dried up by the excessive heat. The church, a singular structure, displays altars superbly decorated, a rich Mosaic floor covered with brilliant carpets, a carved tribune splendidly inlaid with tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, doors similarly ornamented, ostrich eggs in abundance suspended from the dome, and gawdy pictures covering the walls. A side chapel, enriched with similar decorations, is shown as the place where St. James suffered martyrdom.

We next proceeded to the Via Dolorosa, which commences at the Judgment Hall, close

to the house of the governor, and therefore adjoining the area of the temple. Although roofless and deserted, the well-built walls are still of considerable height. The steps leading from an entrance, now obliterated, were carried to Rome in the time of Constantine, and under the name of the Scala Santa, are still held in especial reverence.

This street, situated in the Turkish district, and every where inhabited, is believed to be the way through which our Saviour bore his cross to Calvary. Near the hall is the prison, now filled with rubbish, and a little beyond is an arched gallery, extending from one side to the other, with a window from which he is said to have been shown to the people. In descending towards the direction of the Damascus Gate, is shown the house of the Virgin Mary, behind which a narrow passage leading into the adjoining street, is gravely asserted to have given the

afflicted mother a second view of the mournful procession. Three several stations, distinguished by broken shafts, are pointed out where our Saviour fell, oppressed by the weight of his cross — that also where he was relieved by Simon the Cyrenean, and the precise spot where St. Veronica gave him the handkerchief, which miraculously retained, after wiping his face, the impression of his features, and which is still preserved and venerated at Turin. An intervening house here interrupts the direct path to Calvary, and nearly opposite a pillar has been raised to indicate the original situation of the gate of the town, traditionally called the Gate of Judgment, beyond which the place of crucifixion was situated.

Turning by another street, through the court in front of the church of the Sepulchre, we found it crowded with sellers of relics, and miserable objects of compassion imploring charity, all at-

tracted by a baptism just about to take place. We next went to the Greek convent, of smaller extent, and less sumptuous than that of the Armenians, with a somewhat gloomy church, ornamented in the usual style. The establishment is said to be quiet, orderly, and well-regulated, and I afterwards heard that European travellers find here a more welcome reception, and better accommodation than at the Latin convent, where the good fathers take little pains to conceal their dislike to Protestants, and their jealous apprehension of missionary interference and Bible distribution.

Weary of listening to legends without even the semblance of truth, and deploring the infatuation which presumes to identify the scenes of the most minute circumstances recorded in sacred writ—which forgets that the town has again and again been demolished, its foundations overturned, and the ploughshare passed over its ruins—that

heights have been levelled, and valleys filled up —that the remains of other ancient cities are found deeply entombed beneath the present surface of the soil—I gladly retired to my gloomy monastic abode.

Although the season was unfavourable, and frightful accounts of the progress of the plague were daily brought to the hospice, yet by degrees I examined most of the objects of interest within a moderate distance of the town.

Of the position once occupied by Solomon's Temple, on Mount Moriah, no doubt can be entertained. Its extensive area, now covered by two spacious mosks, and their various appendages, is of course inaccessible to Christian travellers, but from the roof of the governor's house, which commands a complete view of the town, they are advantageously seen. The Sakhara, or Mosk of the Sacred Stone, is raised on a fine marble basement nearly in the middle of the en-

closure, with noble flights of steps, each terminating in a saracenic portico. The form of the building is octagonal, and the walls to a considerable height pannelled with marble of a slight blue tinge, with a row of arched windows filled with coloured glass—the intervening spaces prettily decorated with glazed tiles—a noble dome and a towering crescent surmounting the whole. On the south, close to the external boundary, stands El Aksâ, once the church of the Purification, with all the characteristic heaviness of early ecclesiastical structures. Small dome-covered buildings, praying stations, and scattered cypress, olive, and orange-trees, every where surround these noble edifices. Near one of the principal entrances an empty reservoir is popularly believed to be "the pool of Bethesda." St. Stephen's gate, a little beyond, opens on a declivity, where the place of his martyrdom is shown. The prospect on this

side is by far the finest and most interesting that the vicinity of the Holy City presents. The Mount of Olives rises directly opposite, distinguished by its graceful outline; its most elevated summit crowned with a building, which covers the spot reputed to be the place of the ascension, where a slight cavity on the surface of the rock is credulously believed to have been impressed by the foot of the Saviour. This eminence is separated from the town by a deep, craggy ravine, which, extending to the right, widens into the Valley of Jehosaphat. In this ravine, near "the brook Kedron," three projecting masses of rock have been elaborately sculptured into as many conspicuous monuments, attributed, I know not upon what authority, to Absalom, king Jehosaphat, and the prophet Zechariah.

At the foot of the Mount of Olives, near the entrance of the valley, and enclosed by a low

wall, is the garden of Gethsemane, the venerable aspect of whose clustering olive-trees would almost justify a belief that they were coeval with the important events that have distinguished this memorable spot. Close beside it, a church belonging to the Greeks has been erected over the reputed tombs of Joseph and Mary, and Joachim and Anna, the parents of the virgin. It encloses likewise an entrance to a grotto, said to have been the scene of that agonizing conflict which our Saviour is recorded to have endured.

On again ascending the declivity which leads to St. Stephen's gate, the city wall is seen skirting the craggy boundary of the valley of Jehosaphat, and enclosing one side of the area of the temple. In its centre are the remains of the "Golden Gate," once a principal entrance, but now walled up, in consequence of a superstitious Mohammedan apprehension, that should the city ever be wrested from its present possessors

the enemy will force an entrance by the "Golden Gate." From hence the wall extends to Mount Zion at no great distance, which, however, it does not enclose. Beyond the valley of Jehosaphat (now a Jewish burying-place) may be seen a wretched Arab village, which still bears the interesting appellation of Siloa, and near it the ancient fount of that name still pours forth its abundant waters, which, after passing through a long subterraneous channel, accumulate, as in days of yore, in the "Pool of Siloam."

At Bethany, the road to which winds beautifully round the foot of the Mount of Olives, legends point out some old foundations as the remains of the house of Martha and Mary, while, a little beyond, a sepulchre is still shown as that of Lazarus. By the dim light of a solitary taper, I descended a narrow staircase scooped out of the rock, and opening into a small chamber. A few more steps led to a

square vault of inconsiderable dimensions—its primitive simplicity neither defaced by savage violence, nor deformed by superstitious and ill-assorted embellishment. Here one would fain believe that Lazarus might have lain—that the bereaved sisters might here have wept over their lost brother,—that from such a sepulchre Lazarus might indeed have been summoned to "come forth!"

An extensive and well-wrought excavation at some distance from the Damascus Gate, is known by the name of the "Tombs of the Kings," but its style of sculpture is probably not older than the dynasty of Herod, and presents no characteristic feature of Jewish art. Indeed, a fragment of massive masonry, which, from its situation, may have formed a part of the original enclosure of the temple, appears to be the only relic of Jewish architecture now discoverable. The inhabitants of the

town, variously estimated at sixteen and twenty thousand, consist of Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews. Three large, and many smaller conventual establishments, are kept up by the Latin, Greek, Armenian, and other communities, all apparently sunk into a lamentable state of superstition and sloth. An oriental proverb says, that "the worst Mohammedans are those of Mekka, and the worst Christians those of Jerusalem," and from the little I saw, and from the many unfavourable reports that I every where heard, I fear there is too much truth in at least one part of the proverb.

CHAPTER X.

Historical Notices of Jerusalem—The conquest of the City by Shishak recorded at Thebes, and that of Pharaoh Necho by Herodotus—Visited by Alexander, and protection accorded to the Jews—Temple reconstructed, or restored and enlarged by Herod—The City totally destroyed by Titus—Rebuilt by Adrian—Julian's project of re-edifying the Temple frustrated—Jerusalem captured by the Persians—by Omar—by the Turks—by the Crusaders—by Sultan Seleem—Now held by the Pasha of Egypt.

JERUSALEM, amidst the appalling tribulations and destructive revolutions of four thousand years, still continues an inhabited city. First mentioned in sacred writ as Salem the capital of Melchizedec, in the time of Abraham, (B. C. 1912,)

it was afterwards conjointly the seat of the Jebusites and Jews for five centuries, its longest interval of tranquillity, when it acquired the name of Jebu-salem, which, slightly varied, it still retains. The strong hold of the Jebusites, at length conquered by David, (B. C. 1047,) this warlike monarch removed his capital from Hebron to Mount Zion, where he closed his long and glorious career, bequeathing to his son an enlarged dominion with the accumulated spoils of vanquished nations.

Solomon, celebrated alike for his splendid temple, his profound knowledge, and unequalled magnificence, incited by the example of his Phœnician neighbours, adopted the spirit of commercial enterprise, erected new cities, established Tadmor (Palmyra) as a caravan station in the desert, and dispatched fleets on distant and profitable voyages. The grievous

burdens, however, imposed on his people, provoked them, in the reign of his successor, to disaffection and revolt, which led to the permanent separation of his extensive dominions, into the rival kingdoms of Judah and Israel. Egyptian invasion speedily followed, when the city and temple (B. C. 791) were pillaged by Sheshank, (Shishak,) of whose success a remarkable record still remains on the sculptured walls of the temple of Karnac, at Thebes.*

Wars perpetually disturbed these kindred states, until that of Israel, at the end of two centuries and a half, was subverted by Salmanasser, when the ten tribes, carried beyond the Euphrates, were obliterated from the page of history, nor have the unceasing efforts of Mr. Wolff been able to ascertain if they still exist.

The hostile incursions of powerful adversaries

* Champollion's "Lettres Ecrites d'Egypte et de Nubie," p. 99.

compelled Ahaz, king of Judah, (B. C. 740,) to seek the tributary protection of the encroaching Assyrians. A century afterwards the state beset by increasing and overwhelming calamities, the Jewish capital was seized by Pharaoh Necho,* sovereign of Egypt, who changed the succession, and bore away the king a captive.

Four years later, subdued by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, Zedekiah was established in Jerusalem as a tributary vassal. An unsuccessful attempt to throw off this galling yoke produced another invasion, when the country was again devastated, and the people en-

* Herodotus relates that this king took a city in Palestine named Cadytis, and as Jerusalem is frequently called by Hebrew writers Kedusha, or the holy, this name, with a Greek termination, was adopted by the historian. El Koods, the modern Arabic name of the city, has the same signification, and is probably derived from the same root.

slaved. A renewed alliance with Egypt, inducing the Jews once more to revolt, (B. C. 588,) their inexorable enemies ravaged the country, pillaged the city, destroyed the temple, reduced the inhabitants to slavery, and carried them captive to Babylon. Thus the kingdom of Judah was completely overthrown, three hundred and sixty-eight years after its foundation by David.

Cyrus, having conquered Babylon, restored the Jews to their country, (B. C. 547,) with full permission to exercise their religion, and to rebuild their temple. Their city by degrees rose from its ruins, their sacred edifice was completed, fortifications once more encircled the town, and it had probably attained its original extent and grandeur, when Alexander approached with hostile intentions, after the destruction of Tyre. Awed by the appearance of the high priest, he entered the temple with re-

verence, and, conciliated by submission, accorded protection and granted privileges to the Jews. After the dissolution of his extensive empire, Judæa, seized by the usurper of Egypt, was successively exposed to the rapacious inroads, and tyrannical rule of the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ. From the latter it was valiantly defended by the Asmonæan dynasty, (the Maccabees,) in which, for more than a century, the sovereignty and priesthood were united, but becoming embroiled in civil commotions, foreign interference was invited, and Pompey (B. C. 59) taking possession of the city, reduced it to Roman dependence. Antipater, a Jewish proselyte, from the neighbouring state of Idumea, was then appointed prefect. His son and successor Herod, emulous of the splendour he had witnessed at Rome, where he was invested with the insignia of royalty, embellished Jerusalem, rebuilt or restored the

temple, and raised the stately city of Cæsarea on the coast, which he made the maritime capital of Judæa.

During the period of tranquillity which succeeded the government of Herod, the great events recorded by the Evangelists distinguished Jerusalem. The indignation of the Jews, roused by the oppression of their governors, afterwards led to a state of turbulence and insubordination, that drew upon them the whole weight of Roman vengeance. Amidst the calamities of the eventful siege by Titus, (A. D. 71,) the temple became a prey to the flames—the plundered city was demolished, and the ploughshare passed over its ruins. The sacred utensils* were then

* These were taken by the Vandals when Rome was pillaged A.D. 455, but afterwards recovered at Carthage, were presented by Justinian to the Christian churches at Jerusalem. Falling subsequently into the hands of Khosroo, they were taken to Persia, and irrecoverably lost.

carried to Rome, where some of their forms are still to be seen among the sculptures of the triumphal arch that commemorated the conquest.

In the beginning of the second century Adrian commanded a new city, called Ælia, to be built on the site of Jerusalem, which afterwards becoming a Roman colony, the revolted Jews were finally dispossessed of their country. Its original name was again restored by Constantine, whose mother, Helena, revived the ancient fame of the city by the numerous edifices with which she adorned it.

The project, afterwards formed by the Emperor Julian, of re-establishing the Jews and rebuilding the temple, is asserted both by Pagan*

* The testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus to this remarkable event, is too curious to be omitted. "The active and energetic mind of Julian was directed to every object calculated to insure immortal renown. Hence

and Christian writers to have been frustrated by supernatural interposition.

Jerusalem, considered as an important appendage to the eastern empire, was, in the reign of Heraclius, (A. D. 614,) desecrated and despoiled by Khosroo, the Persian conqueror. Once more in the possession of Heraclius, Syria and Palestine were successfully invaded by the Arabs, and Jerusalem besieged in 637. To the Moslems, the holy city, both as the scene of long-continued prophetic inspiration, and of Mohammed's mar-

he formed the design of rebuilding, at an enormous expense, the magnificent temple of Jerusalem, which had been destroyed during the siege by Titus. This undertaking, entrusted to Alypius of Antioch, once sub-prefect of Britain, aided by the governor of the province, was zealously commenced. But terrific balls of fire burst from the foundations, rendering them inaccessible, and scorching many of the workmen, compelled them by their fierceness and frequency to desist."—Book xxiii. chap. 1.

vellous journey to heaven, was an object of high veneration. The ostensible mission of the prophet of Mekka was to abolish idolatry, and to re-establish the ancient faith of Abraham and his inspired successors. He acknowledged the prophetic character of the founder of Christianity, but declared that the true faith had been grossly corrupted both by Jews and Christians.

After a siege of four months, maintained on both sides with great bravery, Jerusalem was reduced to the necessity of yielding,—the enfeebled state of the Greek empire allowing no hope of relief. The inhabitants, after much negociation, agreed to surrender, but insisted upon receiving from the Khalif in person an assurance of security and protection. Omar, the second in succession from the Prophet, acceding to their wishes, came specially from Medina to receive their submission. Although invested with su-

preme authority, he travelled in the ordinary garb, and with all the simplicity of an Arab of the desert. A scanty supply of provision,* in two sacks, a skin of water, and a wooden bowl, which served indiscriminately the little party at their frugal meals, were carried by the camel on which he was himself mounted. The companions of his journey were few, and at whatever town he halted, he pursued his customary habit of preaching and administering justice. On his arrival, refusing a residence, that had been prepared for him, he took possession of a tent without the walls, amidst the joyful acclamation of his troops, with whom the next morning he engaged in the public exercise of devotion.

* "The temperance of Omar was as remarkable as his simplicity; his ordinary food was coarse barley-bread, his only beverage water. When at meals he invited all who chanced to be present to take a share." —*Taylor's History of Mohammedanism*, p. 173.

With Sophronius, the Greek patriarch, all was amicably arranged; and the terms then conceded, remarkable for their moderation, are worthy of notice, as forming the basis of those usually granted in the early period of Mohammedan conquest.

New religious edifices were forbidden to be constructed, but existing churches were permitted to remain, and commanded always to be open to any that might be disposed to enter. All Moslem travellers were to be entitled to hospitality for three days. No attempt was to be made to convert Mohammedans—the Koran was not to be used for the instruction of children, nor was any Christian to be hindered from voluntarily embracing the new doctrines. Deference and respect were to be shown to Moslems, in whose presence their Christian subjects were not allowed to be seated. A distinction was to be observed in the dress, forms of salutation, and

names of Christians. They were required to relinquish the use of saddles, arms, and inscriptions in Arabic on their rings, and were neither to sell wine nor intoxicating liquors. Uniformity in dress was enjoined, and girdles were ordered to be constantly worn. The exhibition of crosses and books in the streets was prohibited, nor were the former permitted to be placed on churches. Bells were only to be tolled, Moslem domestics were disallowed, and Christians were commanded not to overlook the houses of their Moslem neighbours, or to be spies on their actions. Tribute and taxes were to be paid with punctuality, the sovereignty of Omar to be acknowledged, and no projects, either directly or indirectly injurious to him, were to be entertained. Compliance with these terms was to insure to the inhabitants of Jerusalem their lives, property, and the free exercise of their religion, to guarantee them from insult and vio-

lence, and like the other subjects of the Khalif, they were to be under his immediate and perpetual protection.

These articles accepted, the gates were thrown open, and the Khalif, attended by Sophronius, viewed the antiquities of the city. They visited together the church of the Holy Sepulchre, where, the hour of prayer being proclaimed, Omar refused to perform his devotions, lest the spot should afterwards be considered as sacred by his followers, and the Christians on that account be dispossessed of the church. He then requested a place to be assigned where he might build a mosk, and the situation of the stone * on which Jacob lay, when he saw the vision of angels, being pointed out, he instantly began to clear it from rubbish, zealously seconded by his officers and soldiers in the pious work. A superstitious veneration was thus conferred upon

* Michaud's Bibliothèque des Croisades, p. 11.

the rock, and as Mohammed was supposed to have commenced his miraculous ascent to heaven from the same spot, it was held in the highest reverence by all professors of the Mohammedan faith. An oratory was raised over it, which, enlarged and embellished by later Khalifs, became eventually a sacred and splendid station of Moslem devotion. But how the identity of this stone, a portion of the living rock, was ascertained, or in what part of the original temple it was included, are Moslem legends, which, with our imperfect knowledge of their innumerable traditions, it would be hopeless to investigate.

The successors of Omar speedily forgot his wise example of moderation and tolerance; and the oppressed Christians, in the time of Haroon e' Rasheed, were compelled to solicit the friendly interposition of Charlemagne, for permission to retain the Holy Sepulchre. In

the contentions of rival Khalifs, which subsequently annexed Palestine to the government of Egypt, the Christians were again persecuted, and their churches destroyed.

In 1048, the merchants of Amalfii, trading to the Levant, were allowed by the Moslem sovereign of Egypt to erect a hospice for pilgrims at Jerusalem. This inconsiderable foundation afterwards gave rise to the order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who, driven from the East, were finally established at Malta.

The Turks, a barbarous Asiatic tribe, having embraced the prevailing Mohammedan faith, made a successful irruption into Syria, and captured Jerusalem in 1076. Fierce, extortionate, and intolerant, their flagrant outrages interrupted the course of religious pilgrimage, then greatly in vogue.

Although the Holy City was again recovered by the Khalif of Egypt, the oppression of Christians

was little abated, when Peter the Hermit, who had witnessed the hardships imposed on pilgrims, appealed in their behalf to princes and prelates, and roused the indignation of all Europe. Moved by his pathetic representations, thousands of all conditions, enrolling themselves under the banners of distinguished leaders, impatiently rushed forward. Fired with impetuous zeal to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of infidels, they made their way to Jerusalem, (A. D. 1099,) their track everywhere marked by devastation and bloodshed.

On approaching the city, the enthusiasm of the crusaders knew no bounds. They fell on their knees,—they kissed the soil—invoked the aid of Heaven for the completion of their design, and forgetting their sufferings, broke forth in psalms and pious chants. The siege was prolonged to forty days. A procession of clergy and warriors encompassed the town. Excited by

visions and prophecies, they expected the walls to fall before them like those of Jericho. The town, defended by a garrison of forty thousand men, was taken by assault. No quarter was given to the infidels—unsparing massacre and plunder every where tracked the savage course of the conquerors. Many thousands who had taken refuge in the spacious area of the mosk of Omar were sacrificed with pitiless ferocity—even the terrified Jews were burnt in their synagogue, to which they had retired for safety. The soldiers of the cross, satiated with carnage, their hands reeking with blood, rushed to the Holy Sepulchre, prostrating themselves in adoration before Him who had borne meekly the scoffs and buffets of his persecutors, who had inculcated forbearance and forgiveness, whose pure precepts breathe only peace and good will.

Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, mounted the throne of Jerusalem; but in less than a cen-

tury the Latin kingdom was subverted, and the Holy City surrendered, in 1187, to the arms of Salah-e'deen. Terms of submission were at first refused, the example of the Christians when they gained possession being alledged, and a determination to follow it declared. Yielding, however, to the solicitations of the governor, a ransom was accepted from the inhabitants, who were not only suffered to depart with their portable property, but were considerately protected by an escort from robbery and insult. The patriarch was permitted to take with him the rich decorations of the Holy Sepulchre, of which four priests were allowed to remain as guardians. Churches were now converted into mosks: bells were removed, and crosses thrown to the ground. The Sakhara, which had been consecrated and adorned by the Christians, was devoutly purified by the sons of the Sultan, with rose-water purposely brought from Damascus; while the holy

stone in the centre, which the late possessors had carefully incrusted with marble, in the belief that it bore the impress of our Saviour's foot,* was again exposed for the benefit of the faithful.

Domestic discord among the Moslem rulers caused Jerusalem to be once more ceded to the Christians in 1229, during the extraordinary crusade of the Emperor Frederic the Second; but ruined, defenceless, and all reparation prohibited, it was soon brought again under Mohammedan sway. Seized shortly afterwards by the Karasmians, a predatory horde from the borders of the Caspian, the sacred monuments were once more destroyed. Annexed finally to the Egyptian government, Palestine was included in the extensive conquests of Sultan Seleem, whose descendants have since held it in undisturbed vassallage until the recent successful campaign of Ibrahim Pasha in Syria.

* Bibliothèque des Croisades, p. 217.

CHAPTER XI.

View of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives—Numerous Religious Establishments—Avaricious disposition of the Terra Santa Recluses—Miraculous Fire at Easter—Pilgrimage of Mr. Bonomi to the Sacred Stone in the Mosk of Omar—Quit Jerusalem—The British Vice-Consul at Jaffa—Insult of an Egyptian soldier—Levantine Physicians—Voyage to Egypt—Turkish Quarantine—Vice-Consul at Damietta—Journey from Damietta to Alexandria.

THE time now approached for quitting Jerusalem, but ere my departure I was desirous once more to look upon the city from the Mount of Olives. After passing the Via Dolorosa, the Judgment Hall, and the site of the Palace of

Herod in the same vicinity, I examined, a little out of the direct track, the ruined church of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, built over the traditional birth-place of the latter, and leaving the Pool of Bethesda, a capacious but empty reservoir of massive masonry, to the right, I descended from St. Stephen's gate to the Brook Kedron, now a dry channel, crossed by a small bridge. Skirting the Garden of Gethsemane, with its eight venerable olive-trees, where the very spot is pointed out on which our Saviour was betrayed, the place where he retired to pray, and that where the disciples slept, I began to ascend, and was again shown, on different elevations, where he had wept over Jerusalem, the cave where the apostles composed the creed, and the oratory where the Lord's Prayer was taught. The small octangular building on the summit, once supported by pillars, raised on three steps, which covers the reputed mark of our Saviour's

foot, is probably a fragment of the church belonging to the monastery founded by the Empress Helena, who formed a similar establishment at Bethany, now wholly destroyed, which originally included the tomb of Lazarus.

The place of the ascension, although possessed by the Mohammedans, is always accessible by means of a small present; and on the day which commemorates that event the different sects of Christians are allowed to assemble there for devotion, according to their various rituals. Some Arab huts, and a considerable building, at a short distance, inclosed with a wall, shelter a few miserable inhabitants. Olive-trees still flourish on the side of the hill, and most of the declivities are under cultivation. On the top a dense vapour is seen rising from the Dead Sea, beyond which are indistinct lines of broken heights.

The various stages of descent afford fine views of the interior of the town. A massive wall

crowns the summit of the wild, rocky ravine, by which it is bounded, and round it are the scattered tombs of a Mohammedan cemetery. In the centre, the Golden Gate, no longer used, presents, in its double arches and fantastic ornaments, a specimen of the tasteless style of the decline of art. Immediately within the wall, in the midst of a spacious area, sprinkled with trees and small grotesque buildings, the stately mosk of Omar elevates its airy cupola and lofty crescent in fine contrast with El Aksa its more cumbrous companion. The full extent of the city, rising on several small eminences, is seen beyond. Irregular, narrow streets, of low crumbling houses with terraced roofs, dotted with small cones,—detached masses of ruins,—the ponderous domes of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the fortress called the tower of David,—mingled with dilapidated minarets, often resembling the towers of Christian churches,—form together a dreary but

interesting picture. A series of naked inequalities stretch away to the left, where the ravine widens into the valley of Jehosaphat—its whole expanse paved with rude memorials of the graves of Jews, who congregate from all countries to die at Jerusalem, that their remains may moulder beneath its sacred soil.

The steep descent from Mount Zion, now partially cultivated, every where presents ancient foundations and broken cisterns; and numerous well-wrought excavations on the craggy sides of the valley, near the village of Siloa, attest by the remains of Hebrew and Greek inscriptions, that this was the ancient necropolis of the city. The Jews' quarter, situated between Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, encumbered with rubbish, looks desolate and neglected, although judging from one specimen I saw, their habitations may be commodious within. They have several synagogues, and their numbers are kept up by

a small but constant stream of emigration from Poland and Germany.

A considerable district, including Calvary, and stretching to the foot of Mount Zion, is chiefly inhabited by Christians, where the Greeks are reported to have twelve religious establishments, and the Armenians three, while the Franks, Syrians, Copts, and Abyssinians, are each content with one.

The Frank convent, situated at the south-west extremity of the city, is said to be of great extent—to include within its boundary a garden and several courts, and to be capable of receiving at least a hundred pilgrims. In the superior of this house, appointed by the Papal government, is vested the direction of all the Frank conventual establishments in the east. The monks vary in number from thirty to forty. Although only required to remain for a specified time, weary of their monotonous confine-

ment, they often solicit a change. I found the superior an acute, intelligent man; but the monks had a full-fed, vulgar look, as if selected from the lowest class of peasantry. Their income, derived from the Catholic countries of Europe, must be very considerable, if Burckhardt's account of their enormous expenditure is correct.

Sandys has noticed the avaricious disposition of the Terra Santa recluses, and my own observation compels me to conclude that the lapse of time has produced no improvement. I had been charged in Europe with a commission to the convent, which would exact neither unusual nor laborious exertion. Although readily undertaken, the porter of the hospice was privately desired to ascertain what recompense I intended to make, an affair which was easily and satisfactorily accommodated, the stipulated sum paid, and a certificate with the conventual seal obtained.

During the five days stay of my companion, and also during my own, which extended to ten, we were supplied with bread and wine from the establishment, but whatever else we required our servants purchased for us in the bazaar. By following the mistaken advice of a friend in Egypt, who had told us there would be no difficulty in exchanging English gold in Syria and Palestine, we had some reason to fear that our dollars and Turkish coin might be expended before we both reached Alexandria. To provide against the inconvenient exhaustion of such money as was every where current, we agreed to make the usual present for our united accommodation in English gold, and my companion on the eve of his departure gave two sovereigns for the convent to the monk in charge of the hospice. I learnt the next day, to my great astonishment, that the porter had publicly remarked upon the unusual circumstance of my companion having neglected to

make the customary donation. "At the suggestion of my French neighbours, I took an opportunity of requesting an audience of the superior, which was readily granted from his elevated gallery. After thanking him for the accommodation we had experienced, I mentioned that my companion had left for the convent two pieces of gold, which of course he had received. He inquired with great eagerness to whom it had been given, and received the information with an apparently careless "Va bene." I was subsequently informed by an English traveller, that the guardian of the hospice had soon afterwards suddenly, and without permission, disappeared, but no cause was assigned for his flight.

The solemn jugglery of the miraculous fire in the Holy Sepulchre, at Easter, is still performed by the Greek patriarch. A procession of priests, attended by an expectant crowd, extinguish the lights and carefully close the door. After

an interval of uncertain duration, fire is believed to descend from heaven to illuminate a lamp within. The Greek and Armenian prelates enter—the torches of the exulting multitude are kindled, and the flame, when immediately derived from the sacred source, is unhesitatingly affirmed to be incapable of inflicting pain. The origin of this exhibition, disgraced by a flagrant disregard of all decorum, appears to be of high antiquity, and although now derided by the Catholics, they anciently countenanced the pious fraud. Pope Urban, among other arguments, to induce the sovereigns of Europe to unite in a crusade, urged them to dispossess the infidels of "the tomb in which fire miraculously descends from heaven to commemorate our Saviour's passion." In the reign of Baldwin, the delay of the miracle, although invoked by the united prayers of the Latin and Greek clergy, sanctioned by the pre-

sence of the king and his whole court, produced universal consternation and dismay. The tomb, and the church of the ascension, which had sometimes been similarly distinguished, continued in darkness—despair clouded every countenance—but happily the visible token of divine favour was at length renewed in the usual place. The fire is said by Moslem writers to be conveyed by means of naphtha, down a wire from the top of the dome, and Maundrell, who witnessed the exhibition, describes the scenic effect as being heightened by the flight of a dove.

The American missionaries,* by their prudent,

* Their judicious exertions, so successfully pursued in Greece, promise to be equally beneficial in Syria and Palestine. To establish schools for general instruction is their first object, and their widely distributed bibles and tracts, in various languages, are thankfully received by all denominations of Christians, except the Catholics, who every where oppose them with inveterate hostility. The lamentable oversight of appoint-

inoffensive conduct, have left a favourable impression at Jerusalem; nor is Mr. Wolff forgotten, whose fierce disputes, and fervid admonitions, so highly incensed his Jewish adversaries, that he narrowly escaped paying with his life the penalty of his temerity. Lady Georgiana took her piano from Egypt across the desert to Jerusalem, where it was listened to with rapture, and where her kindness and beneficence to the suffering inhabitants, whatever their faith, are still remembered with grateful respect.

ing to laborious missionary exertions individuals of feeble constitution, unaccustomed to hardships and inadequately provided with the numerous conveniences indispensable in a country destitute of all domestic accommodation, has already produced fatal results. Indeed no one should venture upon this arduous undertaking without possessing some portion of medical knowledge, which, besides its vast importance to himself, would incalculably extend his influence and increase his usefulness.

The attempt to satisfy my curiosity with the sight of the interior of the mosk of Omar, which by dint of money or management has been sometimes accomplished, was considered, on mature deliberation, as too hazardous; but Mr. Bonomi,* enabled subsequently, by his long residence in the East, and his familiarity with oriental usages and language, to enter in the guise of a Mohammedan pilgrim, has kindly supplied me with the particulars of his visit.

On his arrival in the evening, he encamped without the walls. Proceeding the next morning through the principal street, with a string of beads in his hand, equally indispensable to Moslem as to Catholic devotion, he entered the sacred inclosure by the Bab Hadeed—a

* The unrivalled excellence attained by Mr. Bonomi in copying the interesting remains of Egyptian art, is highly appreciated by every one conversant with hieroglyphic researches.

degraded representative of the "Gate called Beautiful," which once gave access to the sumptuous structure of Herod. Lingering a moment between two lofty cypresses to admire the light and airy edifice before him—which, elevated on a marble basement, overlooks an expanse of verdure sprinkled with trees, and curiously-shaped buildings,—his appearance interrupted the contemplations of a venerable dervish, who slowly approaching, accosted, and took him by the hand. A conical cap, embroidered with inscriptions, a flowing scarlet robe, trimmed and tasselled, an air of thoughtful abstraction, and a well-polished rosary, all bespoke this reverend personage to be one of the habitual inmates of the sacred precinct.

Admonishing the stranger to respect the sanctity of the place by taking off his shoes, his conductor led him up a noble flight of steps to the marble platform, loudly chanting, "Ya Allah!

Ya bayt Allah!" the usual salutation to the holy structure. Joined at the door by another dervish from within, they repeated the first chapter of the Korân,* in a low murmuring voice.—The close of each sentence was marked by a profound inclination of the head, every beard was smoothed down with becoming gravity, and the feigned devotee, with some trepidation lest his assumed character should be suspected, was conducted across the sacred threshold. Here his attention was arrested by the noble dimensions and imposing decorations of this justly-vaunted specimen of oriental taste. Wrapped in silent admiration, he contemplated its well-proportioned octagon shape, its four stately entrances, and its walls encrusted with marble. He remarked that a row of veined and polished pillars ran parallel to each of its sides—their richly gilded capitals surmounted by a plain entablature forming the base

* The Fatah, or Moslem Pater Noster.

of a series of small arches which support a ceiling divided into ornamented and gilt compartments; —the whole dimly lighted by windows of coloured glass. He was now taken to the shield of Hamza and the sword of Ali, the revered companions of the prophet, and to the spot hallowed of old by the devotion of the venerated Imaam Shafie.

Ascending by three or four steps a raised pavement in the centre, enclosed by a gilt railing, and encircled by the majestic pillars that sustain the dome, the pilgrim surveyed the gilt and arabesque designs that ornament its interior, admired its coloured glass windows, and advanced with all due solemnity to the *sacred stone.* This object of pious reverence, a huge irregular mass of native rock, of large circumference, protrudes to the height of six or eight feet through the marble pavement beneath a dusty and faded silk canopy. First he was

shown where portions had heretofore been impiously severed. in two places by the envious Christians, which afterwards miraculously recovered, are still preserved hard by in small detached buildings. Next was pointed out an indentation made by the foot of the prophet Edris, (Enoch,) then the finger-marks of the angel Gabriel, and finally the venerated impression which the rock received from the foot of Mohammed, the last and greatest of the favoured messengers of heaven. To this miraculous confirmation of the prophet's celestial expedition, which a grating of wire carefully conceals from the prying eyes even of the faithful, the devotee was directed to introduce his hand through a small aperture, and enjoined to communicate to his beard the sanctifying influence it would imbibe.

The legend was now related how this holy stone, upon which Abraham had prepared to

sacrifice his son, had always been the favourite resort of angels;—how they had been seen by Jacob ascending and descending a ladder placed on its summit;—how the ancient prophets had all poured out their inspired effusions on this sanctified spot;—how it had been venerated by David, and a sumptuous structure raised over it by Solomon:—how Mohammed had been conveyed hither by the marvellous beast Boraak, with the speed of lightning, and by means of a ladder of light had ascended with the angel Gabriel to the seventh heaven, where he advanced within bowshot of the divine presence;—how the stone, yielding to the influence of such pre-eminent sanctity, had softened beneath his foot on his return;—and how a legion of angels constantly keep guard around this honoured spot, where prayer is so efficacious that it becomes necessary to exclude infidels, lest petitioning for the possession of the sacred city they might

perchance obtain the object of their unceasing solicitude.

Invocations were here made for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the devotee, his family, and friends; and after alms had been extorted for the benefit of each, the party descended to a small excavation in the body of the rock. This subterraneous chamber, considered as a place of superlative holiness, bears indubitable marks of having been frequented by the most eminent prophets. On one side has been left the impression of a shoulder, on another of a turban, and small recesses are distinguished as having been hallowed by the presence of the angel Gabriel, of Abraham, of David, of Solomon, and of Elias; while a perforation above is attributed to the founder of the Moslem faith; but whether this opening was spontaneously effected to allow the celestial ladder to descend to his feet, the

pious dervish declared to be a mystery still unrevealed.

After the fatah had again been devoutly repeated, and the utility of alms-giving practically enforced, a circular stone beneath their feet, which gives out a hollow sound on being struck, was gravely pronounced to cover the entrance to the place of everlasting torment. Protected by his official sanctity, the narrator of wonders calmly seating himself upon it, felt no terror, but began to calculate and divide the money he had collected. This important affair concluded, they ascended to the body of the building, where with reverend steps they approached a piece of green jasper in the floor, which, conferring its name on the adjoining entrance, is considered by all true believers to be the Gate of Paradise. Formerly studded with silver nails, three only at present remain, the others having yielded to the efforts of Satan

in an unsuccessful attempt to invade the regions of the blessed.

M. Bonomi, leaving the mosk by an opposite gate, called "the Gate of Prayer," descended the platform by the stairs facing the other sacred edifice, and passing a marble fountain, on a paved causeway, bordered with olive, orange, and cypress trees, was next conducted to El Aksa. This structure, similar in appearance to those raised in the early ages of Christianity, although it stands north and south, is believed to have been originally the Church of the Purification. In the centre of a Saracenic portico of six arches, which ornaments a gable front, a large doorway leads immediately into the body of the building. The roof is supported by six rows of heavy pillars, and the dome, at the southern extremity, rests upon four buttresses, each flanked by two columns of verde antique. Gilt arabesque ornaments, and stained glass windows, produce at the

same time a rich and solemn effect. A space inclosed by railing is here shown as that of our Saviour's presentation;—another on the opposite side is distinguished as the praying-place of the Khalif Omar;—the mehreb or recess from which the Imaam leads public prayers is composed of rare and brilliant marbles, mingled with small columns of verde antique; while the monbar, or pulpit for the sermon, with its elaborate canopy, staircase, and ornamental arch, exhibits a fine specimen of carving in wood, tastefully varied with gilt inscriptions, coloured devices, and compartments of inlaying in ebony and ivory.

The pilgrim and his official guides now quitted El Aksa. Turning to the right they advanced towards the south-east corner of the enclosure, where, more than a hundred yards from the mosk, they entered a square subterraneous chamber, in the middle of which, laid on the floor, was a sculptured niche, with the grooved

shell, precisely resembling those of Balbec. Over this wrought cavity, called Sereer Aisa, or the cradle of Jesus, is a canopy of masonry, supported by four slender pillars, and small niches in the walls are called the places of Mary, and of Joseph. From this chamber they descended a staircase to a spacious crypt, or series of vaults, extending beneath a considerable portion of the enclosure, and under the whole of El Aksa, near which it has another, and more important entrance. These noble substructions consist entirely of Roman arches of large dimensions and admirable workmanship. Probably of the age of Herod, they were affirmed by the guides to be part of the original temple constructed by genii at the command of Solomon. These subtle beings proving rebellious, were afterwards confined in what is believed to be a huge stone chest, still conspicuous beneath the arches.

The stranger was next taken to a broken shaft

inserted in that part of the external wall which overlooks the Valley of Jehosaphat, where, he was told, the prophet will sit at the last judgment, and where a bridge, sharp as a sword, will allow the righteous to pass in safety, but will sever, and precipitate the wicked into an awful gulf below.

Proceeding to the interior of the Golden Gate, he discovered that a central row of noble Corinthian columns, and a groined roof, had once formed a stately portico of Roman workmanship. Compelled to advance until he had finished his weary round, he was shown the reputed places of the tribunal of David, of the throne of Solomon, of the invisible balance, destined hereafter to weigh the actions of men, with other hallowed stations, the gloomy abodes of fanatical ascetics. Sickened with senseless legends, in which Moslem invention stands unrivalled, and disgusted with superstitious mummery, which seems to have

equally contaminated the followers of opposing creeds, his patience and purse alike exhausted, Mr. Bonomi gladly listened to the valedictory blessing of the devout dervish, and hastened away from the sacred boundary.

My companion had left Jerusalem on the 9th of August; and on the 14th, at seven in the morning, I also quitted the city. Having understood, from the porter of the hospice, that the muleteers usually employed by the brotherhood were fulfilling a distant engagement, I readily accepted others at his recommendation. After passing the village of Aboogosh, my guides took a direction to the right by a road less steep and difficult than my former one, but without the advantage of water. I dined at mid-day beneath the shade of a large tree, where I had to wait nearly an hour until water was fetched from a considerable distance. At five in the evening I reached Ramla, from whence proceeding early

the next morning, I was kindly received at ten o'clock by Signor Damiani, the English vice-consul at Jaffa. In conversation with the guides, he discovered—for I was unsuspicious of such an atrocity—that the porter, alike careless of my personal safety, and reckless of the chance of spreading the plague, had engaged muleteers from Bethlehem. These men confirmed the bad character universally attributed to them by adroitly stealing the knives lent them at dinner on the way.

I willingly accepted the miserable accommodation of the consul's dilapidated mansion, and took possession of a gloomy apartment, the threatening aspect of whose pavilion roof and shattered windows were in character with a tattered divan, a palsied table, and a couple of chairs, woefully enfeebled by age and service. My servant and baggage were stowed in a wretched place, something between a stable and cellar, below. The

table-cloth, knives and forks, napkins, &c. produced at our frugal dinner,—luxuries evidently reserved for the use of guests,—had rarely gone through the requisite process for restoring to such articles their primitive complexion. The female part of the family was carefully excluded from sight;—the two sons of the consul served our repast, but without partaking;—indeed the only domestic I saw was a boy, whose capacity and services were both on a limited scale. The father of the present functionary, of European extraction, and long invested with the same dignity, had originally been an eminent merchant. Having suffered from Turkish cruelty, and been impoverished by arbitrary exaction, he was poisoned a few years since by a commercial rival. His successor no longer exhibits the cocked-hat, that once coveted badge of Levantine importance.

Yielding to the consul's solicitation, I accompanied him on Sunday to mass; but the dirty

white turban of the previous week was retained, while his neglected chin gave manifest proof of rarely submitting to the discipline of the razor. The congregation consisted of about two hundred persons, of which women, closely veiled, placed in a separate gallery, formed a third. After the service, a procession was made with lighted tapers to a picture of the Madonna in an adjoining court. Feuds and jealousies even at Jaffa disturb the representatives of the great European powers. The Spanish consul, presuming on his activity in promoting the re-construction of the convent, in defiance of all former precedent, had that day given great umbrage to his compeers by selecting for his devotion a place close to the altar.

Little intercourse exists between Jaffa and Damietta, so that I had to wait patiently nearly a week before I could proceed. With some difficulty I prevailed on the consul to allow my

servant to provide from the market for my daily wants. Driven by a host of hungry rats from his retreat below, he formed an establishment on the terrace, where he set up the ghost of a kitchen. The British colours proudly waved on a high flag-staff over his exposed bivouac, beneath which a colony of bees, hived in a broken jar, might be considered as an accidental emblem of British industry.

One evening, as I returned from a solitary walk on the shore, I remarked, on passing a barrack, an Egyptian soldier, who hastily withdrew from an upper window. In a few moments he re-appeared, and with an air indicating rather contemptuous insult than mischievous intention, threw two large stones, which fell at my feet. This outrage I could only resent by a menacing gesture, but resolved to complain to the authorities of so gross a violation of the pasha's promised protection. The consul took up the

affair warmly, assuring me that I should obtain justice, for he had himself with much satisfaction lately witnessed the punishment of three soldiers, who had been detected trespassing in his garden outside the walls. Accompanied by the consular dragoman, I instantly sought the military commander, was received with attentive civility, coffee and pipes were brought in, and my complaint made with the usual formalities. A sergeant, promptly dispatched to ascertain the offender, returned in a few minutes with a procession into the hall. First appeared two athletic men, bearing large sticks; then a soldier, with a countenance evidently disturbed by apprehension. Two others followed, carrying a chain, attached to a pole, and a few stragglers brought up the rear. The process was summary, the dragoman, at my request, explaining to me sentence by sentence what passed. The culprit made his salaam, and in reply to the question why he

threw the stones, simply stated, that having found them on the floor, he had hurled them from the window without observing that any one was passing below. No further question was asked; but the officer, taking his pipe from his mouth, coolly pronounced, "Give him fifty." The soldier, without a word, laid himself on the floor, kicked off his shoes, and in a moment his feet were firmly fixed in a loop made in the chain by the two soldiers who held it. Sleeves were instantly tucked up, and the stick raised; but ere it fell, I sprung from the divan, and placing myself before the criminal, exclaimed, "La, la!" ("No, no!") waving my hand to arrest the blow. I then desired the dragoman to thank the commandant for his promptitude, to request that the punishment might be remitted, and to assure him that the only object of my appeal was answered, for the soldiers, aware that Frank travellers were protected by the Egyptian

government, would now be convinced, that they were entitled to respect. The officer, without moving a muscle, replied, "If you wish him to be punished, there is the offender—if you are satisfied, let him go." On leaving the barrack I perceived that the termination of this disagreeable affair was satisfactory to the soldiers, for smiles, and taib, taib, (good, good,) greeted me on every side, although the worthy consul shook his head when he heard the tale, fearing that such unprecedented clemency might tend to diminish European importance.

During my monotonous detention, I was requested by my host to visit an invalid. He spoke of native practitioners as ignorant pretenders, obliged to torment their patients with questions relative to the symptoms and seat of their complaints, sagely remarking that the pulse was sufficient to enable a man of real knowledge to ascertain both. By means of an Italian book

he professed to have attained some proficiency in the healing art, lamenting that the present case had hitherto baffled his skill. The patient was a woman of large size, suffering from repletion and inactivity. A proposal to lose blood, with other depleting remedies, were so obstinately resisted, that I gladly transferred her to the care of a young Genoese, practising at Jerusalem, but driven by apprehension of plague to Jaffa, whose gay Syrian costume, and handsome dagger in an embossed silver sheath, seemed to indicate no lack of patients, or fees.

Before my departure, I was informed of a portentous cloud that hung over the British consulate. The tottering fabric to which that distinction appertains, unluckily belongs to the Armenian patriarch. An insignificant rent, and a well-founded apprehension that it will speedily become an untenantable ruin, have induced the perverse ecclesiastic to demand possession. This

arbitrary proceeding is considered as an affair of state—the British minister at Constantinople has been memorialized, and every effort made to avert the disgrace of seeing the English flag driven from a station which it has proudly maintained for nearly a century.

On the 20th of August, through the medium of the consul, an arrangement was made with the rais (the master) of a Jerm for my passage to Damietta. His exorbitant demand acceded to, every requisite accommodation was promised, and, as the wind usually serves in the evening, I was ordered on board at sunset.

Again passing the tremendous surf beyond which the vessel lay, I found her to be without deck or cabin—filled with fire-wood many feet above her sides, with bags of soap stowed on the top of all. No preparation had been made—the rais was still on shore, and my remonstrances only produced a re-

commendation to sleep on the bags of soap. The master at length, coming on board, ordered his boat to be covered with a mat and slung to the mast, impudently affirming that no other tent had been promised. Too dirty and wet to be made immediately available, and without the means of regaining the shore; after much angry contention I was obliged to submit to the hazard of sleeping on the top of the pile, in the open air. In the course of the night we set sail. The next day, there being no standing room on board, I gladly took possession of the boat, where, beneath a low awning, I lay on my mattress during the whole voyage.

We approached the mouth of the Nile on the 24th, but our loaded vessel, unable to pass the bar, was obliged to wait for two lighters to unship her cargo. This tedious process accomplished under the scorching rays of a meridian sun, we advanced up the river to Lisbee.

There, to my utter consternation, contrary to the assurances I had received from the rais and consul at Jaffa, I found I should have to endure a Turkish quarantine of indefinite length. We landed opposite a long shed, resembling a range of ox-stalls, open in front, with a sloping roof supported by brick pillars. It was partitioned by a cane fence into several divisions—the only floor a deep sand defiled with every species of disgusting impurity. Thirteen passengers, most of them of the lowest class, with myself and servant, were impounded in one of these repulsive pens, under the superintendence of a military guard.

I could only communicate with the officer in command by means of a Greek passenger, and a Cypriote Mussulman. Summoning both to the entrance, my wishes, expressed to the first in Italian, were explained in Romaic to the Cypriote, who delivered them in Arabic to the

commandant. After entreating in vain for separate and suitable accommodation, I was compelled to put in requisition my own slender resources. Directing a small space near the fence to be enclosed with mats, a sheet to be suspended above, and another before the entrance, a snug tent was formed,—which, furnished with my baggage and bedding, soon became the object of general admiration. My fellow-passengers contentedly lay on the sand;—most of them, unable to purchase the scanty supply of food brought to the entrance for sale, chiefly depended on the sea-stock with which I was amply provided. I afterwards dispatched a messenger to Damietta, a distance of ten miles, to ascertain from the English vice-consul the probable length of my detention, with an urgent request that every effort might be made to bring it to a speedy close. He kindly visited me on the following day, arranged for the earliest

possible liberation, and requested me to accept a room in his house when free.

I was allowed to proceed to Damietta on the 27th, where, at the consulate, situated in the middle of the town, I joined an English gentleman, lately arrived from Cairo on his way to Constantinople, who afterwards changing his plan, accepted an invitation from our host to be his guest for a few months.

The consul, Mr. Sorur, long distinguished for hospitable attention to travellers, is an intelligent, well-instructed native of the town. He possesses many books, has cultivated Arabic literature, is complete master of Italian, and his probity and decided superiority have procured him great influence among his Mohammedan neighbours. The possession of considerable hereditary property enables him to live in a handsome style. Occasionally he entertains the governor and other public functionaries at his table, nor did

Ibrahim Pasha decline his invitation to dinner when last at Damietta. He inhabits a substantial, well-furnished villa, surrounded by extensive gardens, on the skirts of the town. In conformity to oriental usage, the females of his family are secluded in a separate division of the house, but I had the pleasure of being presented to Mrs. Sorur, whose personal attractions are far superior to those of any other female I saw in the East. Her rich Levantine costume was resplendent with jewels, and even the consul's watch was richly studded with diamonds. For these badges of oriental distinction Constantinople is vaunted as a cheap mart, but when they are closely inspected, although often of considerable size, they are usually found to be rose diamonds, for the most part irregularly cut, spotted or cloudy, and therefore comparatively of small value.

Damietta is situated on a fine curve of the

Nile, with many houses that have once been handsome, close to the brink of the water. The Christian population is probably not considerable, as the church, of the Greek communion, is of small dimensions. In the centre is a large chair, the place of honour assigned to our respected representative.

I heard with some surprise that a Maltese resident, a notorious character, who had lately committed an atrocious murder, had been rescued, as a British subject, from the hands of Turkish justice. He was securely lodged in prison until the consul could find an opportunity of sending him to his native island, where, in the absence of all *legal* proof of his crime, he would necessarily be let loose on society to pursue his destructive course.

After trying in vain to procure a passage by sea to Alexandria, I was finally compelled to proceed thither by land. Mules were engaged for

the 5th of September, when I crossed the Nile, and having surmounted the usual difficulty of packing and arranging the baggage, set forward at four in the afternoon. The mule drivers of course knew only their native language, so that I was compelled to engage an Arab who spoke a little Italian, to be my guide and purveyor on the journey.

Soon losing sight of vegetation, and constantly making our way through the deep sands of the coast, at nine o'clock we reached Loostom, our first halting-place, where I slept in a small conical hut of canes, neatly thatched without, and plastered within. Crossing in a boat the next morning a deep muddy channel, half filled with water, I still traversed the coast unvaried by vegetation. A well and a few palm-trees distinguished the village where I again stopped for the night. It consisted entirely of cane huts, in the shape of extinguishers, of which

each family possesses two or three enclosed within a reed fence.

By noon the next day I reached Brulos, where I crossed the lake, to commence a journey of ten hours, to Rosetta, through a desert of sand, without a single inhabitant. Our track, invariably on the margin of the sea, often exhibited the remains of wrecks half-buried in the sands, with occasionally staved casks or fragments of timber, which served for fuel when we found it necessary to halt. Towards midnight travelling became so laborious, that, compelled to relinquish my plan of pushing forward at once to the Nile, the animals were relieved from their loads, and we gladly prepared for a few hours' repose. The moon shone with resplendent brightness, over a wide expanse of sand,—the sea beat with sullen murmurs on the shore. Uncumbered with food or water our arrangements for the night were soon completed.

At dawn we were again mounted, and as we advanced, the distant sight of palm-trees cheered our dreary progress. We at length reached the banks of the Nile, where the mules, that for twenty-four hours had been without food or drink, were with difficulty restrained from impetuously rushing into the water. I was speedily ferried across to the town, remained a day at a small inn kept by a native of Ragusa, and after toiling another day through a sandy plain skirted by the sea, reached Alexandria, where, at the Aquila d'Oro, a newly-established hotel, I had the satisfaction of joining my companion, who had arrived ten days before. Here we stayed a fortnight to make the necessary preparations for ascending the Nile to Upper Egypt.

Some explanation may be deemed necessary for having, contrary to my original design, interspersed my narrative with historical incidents;

but difficult indeed would be the task of keeping within the restricted bounds of personal observation in countries like Syria and Palestine, where memorable places fraught with recollections of ancient glory—of long prosperity—of submissive religious endurance—and of the desolating course of inexorable fanaticism, so continually occur—where the contrast between their past and present state is so striking, and that contrast so forcibly impressed on the mind by actual survey.

CHAPTER XII.

Ascend the Nile to Upper Egypt—Tombs at Beni Hassan—Temple at Dendera—Stupendous Remains at Thebes—Greek Papyrus containing a portion of the Psalms—Letter descriptive of the Temples and Island of Philæ—Uncivilized state of the Natives of Nubia—Disappointment at not being supplied with the delicacies peculiar to the Country — Wadee Halfa—The Second Cataract—Return to Thebes—Fête in Belzoni's Tomb—Disembark at Cairo.

It was originally my intention to select from my notes a rapid sketch of our interesting voyage up the Nile, but having already trespassed beyond all reasonable bounds upon the patience of the reader, I will now only detain him with

a few unconnected extracts from letters written at E'Sooan, Philæ, and Cairo.

E'Sooan, (Syenè,) Nov. 24th, 1832.

* * *

On the twenty-second of October, when we left Cairo, the inundation of the Nile had begun to subside. This mighty expanse of water, flowing through a fertile valley, bordered on each side by rocky declivities, that alternately receding and approaching, form the margin of the river;—the continual succession of villages wherever the plain is of any width,—(many of them indeed deserted, and others half in ruins, but not the less picturesque for that,)—and these villages for the most part embosomed in palm trees,—all contribute by their novelty to the delight of the voyage. The poverty of the inhabitants of this productive district can hardly be conceived. Mournful monuments of degradation

and misery—so abject is their destitution, and so importunate their demands, that they seem to inherit beggary as a birthright! Owls, vultures, predatory animals, and disgusting vermin every where abound; and had I the sagacity of the dervish, I am sure I should hear—"Long life to Mohammed Ali! While he reigns, there will be no lack of ruined villages."

Would that I had the benefit of your erudition to enlighten my darkness on many an abstruse point of history, and to reconcile the startling discrepancies of jarring historians. Don't denounce my unbelief—but put little trust, I beseech you, in Herodotus, when treating of Egypt and Egyptian affairs. Surely the Greek sage must have fallen in with the nurse of Pharaoh's daughter, and gravely recorded all the "tales of wonder" she related. His *artificial* Lake Mœris has been proved by recent

and actual survey * to be a natural reservoir; and his marvellous labyrinth has vanished "into thin air," and "like the baseless fabric of a vision," left "not a wreck behind." Even the progeny of his tame crocodiles can no longer be found in the Fayoom, nor have we yet discovered their sculptured effigies, decorated with the necklaces and bracelets which he has so liberally bestowed upon them.

At Beni Hassan, which we reached October 29th, we found beautifully-executed sepulchral grottos,—the original type of the Doric column, afterwards adopted and improved by the Greeks, with innumerable paintings and bas-reliefs representing domestic and other scenes of civilized life, which are proved by hieroglyphic inscriptions to have been executed about the time the Israelites quitted Egypt.

* By Mr. Wallis, an English engineer in the service of the Pasha.

A splendid temple, nearly entire, which we saw at Dendera, (Tentyris,) Nov. 9th, captivated us by its extent, its beauty, and the profusion of sculpture with which it is ornamented. This imposing monument, however, the new light of hieroglyphic discovery has proved to be a structure of yesterday, (for here a thousand years are but as one day,) begun during the sovereignty of the Ptolemies, and finished under Roman dominion. It is consequently voted in bad taste, and of course forbidden to be admired. Thank heaven, I am not yet sufficiently illuminated to participate in this feeling. In spite of the frowns of the big-wigs, I will never shrink from expressing pleasure when I feel pleased. Literally covered as it is with sculpture both within and without, and the whole heretofore gorgeously painted, how splendid must have been the effect it originally produced! Indeed, after having seen Thebes, with

its gateways forty feet high, its colossal figures of proportionate magnitude, its forest of stupendous columns, and its avenues of enormous sphynxes two miles in length,—what other conclusion can be formed than that this ancient city was once the metropolis of the Titans,—and that the temple of Dendera was the favourite toy of the royal children, kept under glass, and only exhibited on Sundays and holidays?

But what shall I say to you of Thebes? Where are all her stately palaces—where her hundred gates? Her once vast extent is now a dreary desert, the den of the fox and the jackall, the polluted haunt of the bat—the secure retreat of noxious reptiles that still maintain undisturbed possession of the fallen shrines over which they once presided as tutelary deities.

The stupendous temples of Karnak and Luxor —the Memnonium—with its granite colossus,

measuring upwards of twenty feet across the shoulders, now prostrate and fractured—henceforth to be called the Ramesseion; (for the "son of Aurora" has been deposed from the sovereignty conferred on him by the French, and Ramesses the Great now reigns in his stead,)—the once vocal Memnon, with his towering companion, still sitting in solitary majesty upon the plain;—Medeenet Haboo, which includes an interesting fragment of, perhaps, the most ancient regal dwelling that exists;—Goornoo, with its interminable necropolis;—and the splendid and spacious excavated palaces, that form a series of royal tombs in the western valley,—all bear silent but sure testimony to the extent, population, and grandeur of this ancient and celebrated city.*

* Among the various objects of antiquity which were purchased from the Arabs at Thebes, were two papyri, the one in Coptic, the other in Greek; both in the form

Vain would be the attempt to give you an adequate idea of these various and wonderful remains, now half buried in the sands of the desert. Those of Karnak alone cover a space sufficient for a moderate-sized town, while the massive fragments of the temple of Luxor would

of books. The subject of the Coptic papyrus, now in the possession of Sir William Gell at Naples, has not yet been ascertained; but since my return to England, the Greek papyrus has been discovered to contain a portion of the Psalms. The leaves, of about ten inches in length by seven in width, are arranged, and have been sewn together like those of an ordinary book. They are formed of strips of the papyrus plant, crossing each other at right angles. The writing, continued on both sides, is perfectly legible, the letters partake both of the uncial and cursive, sometimes standing quite apart, unconnected by cursive strokes, with accents occasionally but not regularly inserted. The beginning of the MS. is imperfect, and it concludes with the second verse of the 34th Psalm. The text, as far as it has been collated, has been found to be a good one, and to possess some interesting variations not

make our proudest edifices "hide their diminished heads."

Splendid bas-reliefs covering the vast walls of the huge propyla that lead to these temples, are equally interesting as historical memorials, and as works of art. Here the conquests of Ramesses the Second, the Sesostris of the Greeks, with those of other Pharaohs, are commemorated on immense sculptured surfaces, that have withstood the influence of time, and the more destructive fury of man, for more than thirty centuries, and now authenticate the victorious expeditions of the great Egyptian conqueror, so long held to be fabulous.—But enough of this—for the week I spent at Thebes,

found in other ancient versions. These papyri were both discovered among the rubbish of an ancient convent at Thebes, remarkable as still presenting some fragments of an inscription, purporting to be a pastoral letter from Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria, who died A.D. 371, which has been conjectured to be the age of the manuscript.

where we arrived on the 12th of November, was merely sufficient to enable me to catch a cursory glance of the wonders of that marvellous region. I must now hasten forward, stopping only for a moment to look at the beautiful fragment of a small temple at Erment, the ancient Hermonthis; and I am sure you will afterwards gladly excuse my doing more than peeping into a fine portico at Esnè, (Latopolis,) and just noticing the painted sepulchres at Elythias;—and then examining a little more minutely a spacious temple, nearly entire, at Edfoò, (Apollonopolis Magna,)—and after glancing at the sculptured quarries of Silsilis, and admiring a beautiful fragment at Ombos, you will not regret my hurrying on to E'Sooan, (Syenè,) from whence, after examining Philæ, we mean to launch into the less explored wilds of Nubia.

* * *

Philæ, Nov. 27th, 1832.

* * *

After viewing with wonder the stupendous pyramids, and pacing the extensive mounds that alone indicate the site of mighty Memphis, we began to ascend the Nile, with expectations highly excited. At Beni Hassan, Dendera, and Thebes, these were fully realized, and we are now revelling in antiquarian enjoyment amidst the splendid relics of the celebrated island of Philæ, once the sanctum sanctorum of Egyptian superstition.

Let us now, my dear madam, take a survey together of this interesting spot. If you throw your pocket-handkerchief carelessly on the table, it will perhaps assume an irregularly-oblong, and somewhat angular form. Such, then, is the shape of this little island, that, comparatively speaking, your silk apron would cover. Remark

its elevated banks, originally surrounded by a massive wall, now more or less ruined,—in some places projecting forward like a huge bastion, in others washed away by the devouring flood;—and where accumulated rubbish invites alluvial deposit, observe that little margin of lately-sown lentiles and Nubian beans, over which a few scattered date trees, and wild acacias, throw a welcome shade. Here and there we see fine remains of landing-places, with fragments of stately entrances,—their broken flights of steps, or broad inclined causeways, resting against the face of the wall, as they descend to the water. Having succeeded in clambering over these dislocated blocks of stone, and at length gained the summit of the bank at the most accessible point—that elevation to our left consists of huge masses of granite, for the most part in their original positions, their surfaces rounded by decomposition; while some that have slid from

their beds hang toppling over the little path that winds round the cliff—but do not be alarmed, for where they now rest they have quietly reposed for ages.

The point happily passed—that huge edifice, or rather assemblage of edifices, on the opposite side of the island, but not a stone's throw distant, is the large temple, which looks as if it had been erected as a counterpoise to the masses of granite we have just noticed.—A little further if you please—these crude brick ruins that now every where surround us, some of them curiously niched into the rock, are supposed to be the remains of early Christian dwellings, which, mixed with more ancient fragments, so completely cover the whole surface of the island, that not a tree, not a blade of grass, is any where to be seen, save on some of the slopes leading down to the river.

Pray take care!—for it is only by crossing

these tottering heaps, and passing the top of that fine staircase, filled with rubbish, which descends to the Nile, that we can gain the bottom of yonder magnificent colonnade, which leads from this extremity of the island quite up to the temple. Observe, first, the solid wall that dips down every where on this side, at least thirty feet into the water; from which—rising above the surface of the soil, and pierced with windows that look across the river to some remains of another temple on the island of Biggeh,—it forms the back of the colonnade on the left. Near the small obelisk that you see on the same side, at the farthest extremity opposite the temple, is the cavity that once contained its fellow, and from the parapet between them you look perpendicularly down on the water. These characteristic Egyptian ornaments marked the commencement of an approach, which, passing between two small open temples, now broken and encumbered,

and widening beyond into a noble avenue, that even now exhibits more than thirty columns on the left, and half as many on the right, led up to the propylon, or grand entrance to the temple. This propylon,—and such buildings of various dimensions, and sometimes several of them in succession, usually form the imposing entrances to Egyptian temples,—consists, as you see, of a magnificent square gateway, at least forty feet high, with its appropriate architectural termination, placed between two oblong square towers, each of more than a hundred feet in height by fifty in width; and these towers, gradually diminishing in size as they advance in height, and finished at the top with a projecting cornice, thus assume the form of truncated pyramids.

Remark that the whole of this enormous façade is covered with sculpture. In that series of deities in bas-relief, each figure must be from

thirty to forty feet high;—others succeed them up to the very summit, the intervening spaces being every where ornamented with those picturesque combinations that form hieroglyphic inscriptions; and the whole of these sculptures, together with all architectural ornaments, from the capitals and shafts of pillars, to the smallest hieroglyphic, were once brilliantly painted in appropriate, and probably significant colours.

We now pass the sacred portal which conducts us into a spacious square court, where you will immediately perceive that the inner surface of the propylon is equally rich in sculptured decoration,—as well as the beautiful little temple with its surrounding columns on our left, the colonnade that faces it, and the second smaller propylon in a line with the first,—through which, if you are not too weary, I will now hand you.—Here you behold a miracle of art! You have entered—not the holy of holies—but one of

the most splendid porticos that Egyptian skill ever constructed,—Yes! call it Ptolemaic if you will—but pleasurable feelings are not to be controlled by names and epochs.—Three rows of columns, of magnificent dimensions and beautiful proportions, their shafts richly sculptured, and their capitals, differing from each other, composed of a happy mixture of the flowers of the lotus, and the foliage of the palm, some of them brilliant in their pristine colours, support, as you see, a highly-wrought flat ceiling, the centre of which not being continued to the propylon, gives it the advantage of a subdued and suitable light.

The ornamented doorway before us leads into the inmost recesses of the temple, now dark and cheerless, the foul retreat of bats, lizards, and scorpions, which therefore you will not regret to be excused exploring. A noble vestibule is succeeded by three spacious chambers, with

corresponding lateral ones to the right and left, all nearly entire, their walls and ceilings as thickly embossed with sculpture as chased plate.

From a side outlet near the centre, a staircase leads to the roof, where there are many small apartments, one of them covered with highly interesting and curious mythological subjects. From hence the summit of the second propylon may also be ascended, where the prospect at this hour is so dazzling, that not having your parasol at hand, you must allow your imagination to fill up the picture.—But you look fatigued; I will therefore only detain you while I briefly direct your attention to the several separate fragments that adjoin the principal edifice. The most important which I perceive you already gaze at with admiration, we must pass through to regain the spot where our researches began. Let us step for a moment

into the shade of this detached, half-buried gateway, which an old woman, the sole inhabitant of the island, has contrived to convert into a dwelling, by filling up the front with a heap of loose stones, and leaving a square hole for an entrance.

We now see to the greatest advantage the light and graceful structure before us, which presents on each side five columns, with an entrance at both extremities formed by two others. An inter-columnar wall, wrought into pannels, and finished with a cornice, includes the pillars to half their height, and their varied capitals, composed of clustered foliage, are surmounted by a sort of open entablature, terminating in a bold moulding. Thus, while the established rules of architecture are all violated, a most harmonious and happy effect is produced. Indeed, were this edifice covered with a flat roof, of which no sign is perceptible, it would

form a banqueting-room worthy the revels of of the Macedonian hero himself. But hark!—'tis the dinner signal. The path lies in this direction, and don't be afraid of trampling down the luxuriant lupins, and trailing Nubian beans, —for two carlines would purchase the whole crop, and the old sybil of the ruins be a gainer by the bargain.

* * *

Cairo, Feb. 18th, 1832.

The solitary Queen of Philæ could hardly be expected to dispatch the last of her undevoured pigeons with my letter to Cairo, even had I tried the talismanic effect of pronouncing the honoured name of my valued correspondent; nor will you have any difficulty in believing that the pasha's system of civilisation has not

yet arrived at the point of establishing post offices in these distant regions. Hence, sorely against my will, I was compelled to detain my last letter until I reached this place.

The continuation of my voyage beyond Philæ was quite as interesting as my residence there, for the whole valley of the Nile may in truth be likened to an interminable street of tombs, every where strewed with mouldering remains of ruined cities, of stately structures, of violated sepulchres, and not unfrequently with the frail relics of man, whose bones now whiten the soil over which he once proudly ruled!

The uncivilized state of the inhabitants of Nubia was a novelty for which I was not prepared. They have long, strait hair, and although nearly black, have no trace of the negro countenance. Their habitations and habits of life are equally primitive. The toilet of both

sexes is any thing but costly, for the matrons wear only a single loose garment in addition to bracelets and necklaces of coloured beads with which they are profusely loaded; while the whole attire of the young girls is usually confined to a sort of apron, or rather petticoat, formed of thongs of leather, placed thickly together, and ornamented with small shells and coloured beads, often prettily arranged.

The capital, Dayr, is a straggling, mud-built village, in the midst of which are two decent-looking houses, one of them, that of the governor, exhibiting the almost forgotten luxury of regular windows. These people are now invariably civil, and aware of the value of money. They evince little disposition to traffic, but we obtained sufficient supplies for our immediate wants. Wherever irrigation can be accom-

plished great fertility is apparent; but the rocky boundaries of the Nile often leave only an inconsiderable strip of soil, which of course widens as the river subsides, and of this the inhabitants so anxiously take advantage, that it would be difficult to find a space, however narrow, which is not planted to the edge of the water.

In some respects, however, I was, in this remote country, disappointed. I had expected to see crocodiles leading forth their young broods to bask in the sun upon every shelving bank, and to have feasted alternately from day to day upon barbecued ape, crocodile curry, and ostrich-egg omlet. But these delicacies the natives pertinaciously retained for their own use. A small crocodile was the only rarity we could procure, which was destined in the course of its projected education to make

the tour of Europe, but one cold morning it took a sulky fit, and out of sheer spite gave up the ghost! Occasionally we saw groups of these monsters basking on the low islands as we passed, and sometimes found an opportunity of giving them a warm salute by which to remember us. Flocks of birds were often quietly stationed near these unwieldly reptiles;—perhaps those said to perform the friendly office of picking their teeth, and of keeping their mouths and throats free from leeches, but I never saw them actually engaged in these amiable attentions.

After spending a highly gratifying day at Aboo Simbel, we reached Wadee Halfa on the 9th of December, and walked a league over burning sands, to look from the top of a rock upon the second cataract. On the 16th we arrived once more at Philæ, and dropped down to Thebes on the 22nd. With

every thing there you are doubtless as well acquainted as if you had mounted a donkey, as I did, and rode from one end of it to the other.

The sovereignty of that ancient domain may now be considered as vested in Mr. and Mrs. Hay, who have resided there some time in a capacious, excavated tomb, commodiously and comfortably arranged. They received us most kindly, and the lady, an amiable, intelligent Greek, excited by her various acquirements our highest admiration. A neighbouring sepulchre has been converted into a *studio* by a circle of artists busily employed in delineating and taking plans of the monuments, to complete a superb collection, which Mr. Hay has for some years been forming with indefatigable zeal.

As we remained a fortnight at Thebes we partook of the hospitality of these estimable inmates of the tomb on Christmas-day, nor

were our distant friends forgotten on that interesting anniversary. On New Year's Day, in conjunction with Mr. Hoskins, a gentleman about to extend his researches to Meroë, we gave a fête in Belzoni's tomb to the whole party. The different chambers were successively and brilliantly illuminated with rows of wax lights, fixed on boards, and carried by men from place to place as they were required. No idea can be formed of the splendour of this subterraneous palace thus lighted up. The brilliant, and somewhat gaudy colours, which retain their original lustre, were softened and harmonized into beauty, while the varying light and shade exhibited the bas-reliefs to great advantage. In a small apartment, known as the sideboard-room, our repast was served. Although cruelly defaced, and encumbered with large fragments cut from the pillars,

and broken from the walls, the indignation excited by such wanton outrage did not destroy the cheerful satisfaction of the assembled guests.

On the 5th of January we left Thebes, with a feeling of regret at not having had sufficient time thoroughly to explore the splendid monuments of ancient grandeur that we were quitting for ever; and arrived on the 18th at Cairo,* exulting in our release from the long

* I was fortunate enough to succeed in bringing from Cairo to Naples, in a healthy state, four plants of the Sycamore Fig, (Ficus Sycamorus,) the first, strange as it may seem, that have been brought to Europe. The coffins, utensils, &c. of the ancient Egyptians, still discovered sound and perfect, are made of the wood of this tree. With the hope that another useful production might be added to those of the south of Europe, two were presented to the Neapolitan Botanic Garden, one was planted in the grounds

imprisonment of that disgusting nest of vermin, an Egyptian Nile boat.

* * *

of the Hon. Keppel Craven, at Penta, near Naples, and another in those of Prince Butera, at Palermo in Sicily.

NOTE.

Page 74.

BRITISH COMMERCE WITH DAMASCUS.

A CONSIDERABLE trade has already commenced between Liverpool and Damascus. Of some details which I had procured and intended for insertion here, I am obliged, by want of room, to give only the results There is at present an established demand at Damascus for muslins, cotton yarns, and white and printed goods. The trade is daily increasing, and the exports of the current year will certainly exceed £200,000. West India produce is sent to a moderate amount, and the various goods are paid for in specie, bills of exchange, and the productions of the country. The principal returns are silk, galls, madders, gums, opium, and sponges—the silk in considerable quantity, but the quality not fine. The annual amount of imports from Syria

can scarcely be ascertained, the trade being quite new, with every prospect of considerably increasing. Three English houses have already been established at Damascus—goods designed for that market are shipped at Bairoot—those sent to Aleppo go by way of Alexandretta.

THE END.

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